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THE BEWITCHMENT OF LIEUTENANT HANWORTHY

Being Leaves from His Memoirs, Setting Forth Certain Adventures which Befell Him on Thanksgiving Day.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Pictures by HARRISON FISHER

AS THE sun, dropping thro' a raw and fire-edged slit in the cloud, sank behind South Mountain, some three miles off to my right, I snuggled my head deeper into the fold of my thick cloak, and spurred my good sorrel to a trot.

This wind, drawing down the long valley of the Port Royal stream, had a bleaker unfriendliness than even the bleak east which I imagined whistling at this moment over my own hill pastures of Salem. Across the harsh, salty smells that blew in gusts from the half-uncovered mud-flats of the river, my memory of old Thanksgivings at home called up most rich and tender savors of roast goose, till an appetite of huge anticipation began to riot beneath my waistcoat.

Should I be in time? For my sake the hour had been set late, far beyond the ordinary; but it was even now near, and the roofs of Port Royal were yet a good six miles distant. With dejection I remembered the Major's parting words:

"Punctuality, remember! Be on hand at the minute! Not even for you, Mark, my boy, shall such a goose as Tamin has brought in be suffered to spoil by waiting."

*

Though the good sorrel was tired, and owed me naught on that day's journeying, I pushed him to his utmost. I could not contemplate with equanimity the loss of such a dinner as might make me forget my long months of Acadian exile.

It was five months since I had left Salem, coming to Acadia with the Boston expedition for the capture of Port Royal. In the taking of it there had been some spirit, some diversion, in truth; but the holding of it was a daily-growing monotony. The Acadians seemed passably content with their new masters. No peril menaced the green-sodded ramparts of our prize; the townsfolk trafficked in an established peace, selling us their fish and flax; and, in the dearth of matters more stirring for discussion, the Major's Thanksgiving dinner had been for days a theme of grave import.

*

I thought of the gravity with which the Major, on Monday of the preceding week, had announced his purpose. With his little council of five officers, among whom I had the honor to be his secretary and aide, he had been considering certain weighty matters of his government, when suddenly, swerving from questions of toll and tax, his voice took on a deeper tone, and he said:

"Gentlemen, since duty dooms us to this exile, even upon the approaching day of Thanksgiving, I have resolved that New England shall, in a sense, upon that day, be brought to us!"

He paused for a moment, and approbation shone in our faces.

"These good people of Acadia," he went on, "do not observe one feast, but I have noted that they can supply the wherewithal for its proper observation. Their ducks and geese feed fat upon these marshes. Their gardens are instructed in the growth of sage and onions. They are not unskilled in the subtleties of apple sauce; and I have found pumpkins! You observe the possibilities! Well, I may add that our good Josephite, who has ruled our kitchen so capably these months past, has acquired, with suggestions from myself, the art of making such a pumpkin pie as might pass for the product of Duxbury or Dedham." (The Major hailed from Duxbury.) "Oh, her pies will pass, I assure you! But mince I have not suffered her to essay, for failure there, you will agree, would be a desecration!"

*

The memory of this speech appealed now most potently to my imagination. The Major's face, too, as he leaned forward over the council table to note the effect of his words, came pleasantly before me. It was a strange face, but I loved it well. The forehead, broad, low-arched, and bald far back to the very crown of the skull, was fenced, as it were, with a stiff, forward-bristling fringe of red hair, recalcitrant to the brush. The eyes, small but deeply clear, beamed sweet humor; but the mouth, little better than a long crevice across the bleak and stony promontory of his chin, was such as men make haste to conciliate. The nose, large and much awry, gave me ever a notion that the rest of the face had been finished earlier, and this feature added afterward, lavishly but hastily, in the dark.

*

It came upon me now, as I mused, that herein lay the incongruity which ever sat upon our good Major's face—this nose, a ceaseless entertainment to the tolerantly mirthful eyes, was a ceaseless affront to the uncompromising mouth. Thence conflict perennial in the Major's countenance!

Pleased at this whimsical solution of an ancient enigma, I chuckled aloud. The patient sorrel cocked his ears at the sound, and cheerily bettered his pace. He doubtless reasoned that, if his master were pleased, some good thing for both must be close at hand.

I looked carefully about me. Then, behind a screen of fir trees, a stone's throw back from the road, rose three sharp gables in a row. It was the place of the Sieur de Belhish, a very great man among the Acadians. I perceived that, in my musings of Thanksgiving meats and the Major's nose, I had beguiled a good mile of the journey. My appetite was furious, but my humor was mending.

"The Major will wait a half-hour for me!" I said confidently, in my heart.

As I passed the wide-open gate of De Belhish Place, the sorrel swerved obstinately to enter, as if here, in his opinion, were the fitting termination to his journey. Reining him back to the road, I could not but laugh again, for I recalled another word of the Major's to me as I was setting out on my journey.

"Better not stop at the De Belhish place on your way," he had said, his eyes twinkling askance over the biased nose; "if you do you will be sure to miss the goose!"

"Why, sir?" I had inquired with interest.

"There is a witch there!" And he had turned away into the barracks, very stiff and soldierly in his well-kept uniform. Had he been a Salem man, he would not have spoken so lightly of witches.

*

I had heard of Mademoiselle de Belhish, but I had never seen her. She had been in Quebec, and was but lately returned to Acadia with her uncle. I had heard of her strange beauty, of her mocking gayety, the warmth of her great eyes, the inimitable coldness of her heart.

Now, as I passed her uncle's gates, a sense of the wonder and the nearness of her beauty came upon me in a fashion that made me marvel. My interest in the Major's dinner went out like a snuffed candle, so inconsistent an organ is the stomach of a man who has brains and imagination. The fat goose, at that moment being discreetly basted at Port Royal, was forgotten, just because I had apprehended that a woman's eyes were beautiful. I regretted that I had not let my sorrel

"PERHAPS, MONSIEUR, YOU COULD LIFT ME INTO THE SADDLE"

carry me through the gate. But the notion of turning back was not for a moment entertained. Never have I accounted myself a candidate for the fellowship of Lot's wife.

Then of a sudden the face of Mademoiselle de Belhish flashed upon the eyes of my soul. Her face—it could be none other; yet never, as I have already said, had I seen the maiden; and never had she been described to me, save in a general shining confusion of mobile features and unfathomable eyes. It did not occur to me to doubt that the face which now so curiously crossed my brain could be any face but hers; and I found myself muttering:

"Renée de Belhish. It is a name of music, very fitting to so fair a face!"

•

Then I remembered that, to the best of my knowledge, I had never been told her name was Renée!

"Fool!" I snapped aloud, pulling myself together and sitting erect in the saddle. "Fool! These are the hallucinations of the fasting! Her name is most like to be Ninette, Babette, Lisette, or such light nonsense. Renée, indeed! Why should I think of that for a name! Let me return to thoughts of the Major's goose, well stuffed with sage and onions!"

But there was a witchcraft in the air, and do what I would my thoughts flew wild, dispersed like a covey of birds. I noted now particularly—though why it was matter for particular notice I could not have told—that I had come to the limit of the thick spruce hedge which fronted the garden of the De Belhish place. Beyond this limit I passed with a dragging, incomprehensible reluctance, and I perceived, to my astonishment, that my hand upon the rein had brought the good sorrel to a stop.

As if to give me a reason for my stopping, pat upon the moment came a sharp cry of distress from behind the covert of the hedge. It was not loud, but it was imperative.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" I demanded brusquely.

There was a moment of silence, thrilled by the passing phantom of a sob. Then came a voice, so close that I started.

"I am afraid, monsieur, that it is very much that I need your help. I fear it is that I have sprained my poor ankle, for I have not the power to at all stand up."

•

The voice was very low and quiet, but penetratingly clear. The quaintly accented and foreignly ordered syllables seemed to me the sweetest music I had ever heard. The blood throbbed up into my temples.

"I am coming, mademoiselle!" I cried, a sort of thickness in my tones; and whirling the sorrel I put him at a fast gallop back to the gate.

Along the hedge just within ran a broad path. In but a handful of seconds, so to speak, I had flung myself from the saddle and was standing beside a girl whose downcast, half-averted face made me think of the flower of a white lily. A heavy lock of dark hair had fallen far forward, hiding half the rondure of her cheek and chin. She was dressed all in black, save for a scarf of orange-colored silk flung carelessly about her shoulders. She sat in an attitude of tense constraint, as if resolved upon no weak feminine oratory; and with both white hands she clasped a slippered foot of exceeding smallness and grace, at glimpse of which the old saw came across my memory:

"The littlest foot may be heaviest on a man's neck!"

"Do you think, mademoiselle, you could walk with my assistance?" I inquired, bending over her, cap in hand.

•

She lifted her face, she lifted her drooping white lids, and gave me one darkly brilliant look. Eyes so large, so enigmatic, so mysteriously deep, I had never before imagined. The look dropped again upon the moment; but in that moment I experienced a swift and breathless sinking at the heart, and it seemed that life rushed by me dizzily. The sensation was incomprehensible to me then; but afterward I knew that it was a sensation very proper to one falling a great depth; for in that moment my spirit fell into the deeps of her eyes—whence it is my prayer and my steadfast purpose it shall nevermore emerge. After a little hesitation, she gave me her hand and tried to rise; but I took her gently by the arms and lifted her. For an instant so she stood, leaning upon me, then she sank to the ground again with a catching of the breath.

"I am afraid it is no use, monsieur!" she said, speaking now in French, as I had addressed her in that tongue. "It hurts too much. Perhaps—though I am afraid I am terribly heavy—you could lift me into the saddle, and in that way, monsieur, you could get me to the house!"

How had I deserved that Fate should so favor me? The blood hummed in my ears, and I think a foolish grain of ecstasy came upon my face. But I managed to stammer: "Permit me, then, mademoiselle!" and, stooping low, I lifted her in my arms with reverent care. I carried her as if she were a child. In truth, she was no great weight to carry; for among women of English blood she would have been accounted small, and her body was of a very slender, delicate mould, girlish, but not thin.

•

I lifted her, but I did not put her into the saddle. Whistling the horse to follow me, which he did at the heel, like a dog, with his nose down, I strode up a narrow path which led direct to the house.

"But—but monsieur!" she exclaimed in a voice of surprise and protest, "you are not going to try and carry me all that distance. Indeed, you must not. Put me on the horse's back, please!"

This last was spoken with a touch of imperiousness—quite lost upon me!

"You must, please! And you can hold me on!" she continued, less assuredly.

"No, mademoiselle," said I; "this, believe me, is the only way. Suffering so, you could not sit in the saddle. And the jolting would hurt you. For the moment, I am your physician, and you must obey. It is only for a minute. See, we are almost there—unfortunately!" I added in my heart.

She made no answer; and I wondered uneasily if she were vexed at my positive air. But no, she was not vexed, for presently she said:

"But how strong you are, monsieur!"

The simple, unaffected admiration in her words thrilled me.

"If I am strong, mademoiselle," said I, "the present enchanted enterprise were no proof of it. A flower, a dream, and a prayer make no great weight to carry!"

"Oh, monsieur!" she said rebukingly, "I had heard you English were rough and direct of speech; but no Frenchman dare flatter me so extravagantly as that!"

"I cannot flatter at all, mademoiselle. But I can tell merely some poor fragments of the truth, as my own heart sees it!" I rejoined with dogged earnestness.

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At this she kept silence. Her wit was accustomed to skilled fence. I guessed that my sudden plainness perplexed her. She kept her eyes cast down. Wonderful to me were those long lashes sweeping the clear pallor of her skin.

With one hand I flung open the door. Into a spacious hall I stepped, and closed the door behind me—to the disappointment of my faithful sorrel, who seemed ready to follow me in! No candles were lit; but from a large room upon my right came the red flicker of a fire upon the hearth. I paused irresolutely on the threshold.

"In there, if you please, monsieur," said mademoiselle. "You may put me on the divan in the corner."

I set her down with a slow and, I fear, too obvious reluctance. Then I arranged the cushions that she might lie at ease. This done, I paused beside the couch, wavering. What excuse had I to stay longer? Plainly, I must make my adieu. But she did not help me to go. She raised her eyes to mine for the least part of a moment, and said gratefully:

"How kind you are, monsieur! I feel better already!"

"But your ankle must be bathed at once, or bandaged! Something must be done for it at once!" I exclaimed. "Whom shall I call to attend you, mademoiselle?"

"I am afraid there is no one, monsieur!" she said very sweetly, as if the situation were the most usual in the world. "But, truly, my ankle needs no attendance at all. I could not bear to have it touched—at least yet. It needs only that I should lie quite still for the present!"

"Do you mean to say, mademoiselle, that you are all alone in this house?" I cried in amazement.

"Why, it is nothing!" she replied. "My uncle, with his guest, Captain Duchesne, and with our two men, has gone away—shooting, not to be back before midnight. The maids, Lize and Susette, I have foolishly allowed to go and visit friends down the valley for an hour or two. But I am not at all afraid to be alone!"

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"It is out of the question, mademoiselle," said I, with an air of virtuous decision (my heart the while thumping mightily), "that you should be left alone! If you will excuse me for a moment, I will go and stand my beast out of the wind! He has served me faithfully to-day, and I must not forget him."

"Since you are so decided, monsieur, I will not try to dissuade you," said she smiling. "But you are undertaking a stay of perhaps some hours, so you must stand the good beast in the stables, and bait him. May I stay alone so long?"

At this there was a laughter about her mouth, triumphant and mysterious. It confused me, and I retired without reply.

The sorrel, awaiting impatiently, whinnied at my approach. I led him around to the back of the many-gabled house, and found the barns, a little village in themselves. The horse stalls were all empty, whereat I might have wondered had my brain not been dazed with the vision of mademoiselle's eyes. I found oats for the horse, and hay and a blanket, yet moved the while as one in a dream. Then I made haste back to the fire-lit room.

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Mademoiselle apparently had not stirred from her cushions. She did not look up as I entered, but she spoke at once.

"I very well know, monsieur, what you are sacrificing for me," she murmured musingly. "It is wonderful to me that an Englishman should give up a dinner for a woman! Your brother officers will miss you sorely at their Thanksgiving feast; and me, I know, they never, never will forgive!"

"How did you know," I asked in astonishment, "that we were having a Thanksgiving dinner at Port Royal to-night?"

"All the master's doings are of consequence to the slave! The conqueror sits in a fierce light, Lieutenant Hanworthy," she said, deliciously stumbling at my name, and turning, as she spoke it, the full glory of her eyes upon my face.

"You know my name, too? But how, mademoiselle?" I stammered, amazement making my own eyes wide.

"Oh, I am a kind of a witch!" she laughed merrily. "I know all about you, and I have seen you before, Lieutenant Hanworthy! Have you not seen me—a glimpse of me—once, in Port Royal? Think!"

"No, never, mademoiselle, save in my dreams!" I declared boldly.

A slight flush crept up into her pale face—or was it the firelight?

"Monsieur——" she began.

"Mademoiselle——" said I, patiently expecting a rebuke.

"Being an Englishman, and surely hungry, you must eat!"

"Yes, mademoiselle," I assented very cheerfully, as I should have done to any proposition that she might have made, save one—that I should leave her.

•

"Please go into the next room and light the candles. Then you may help me in there also. It is the dining-room. On the buffet you will find some wine of Bordeaux which is good, if my good uncle be not deceived; and some cakes of the country; and a pastry which your politeness, monsieur, shall swear to be unsurpassable, for my own hands made it. You shall have your Thanksgiving dinner, but translated into French!"

"No, mademoiselle; rather translated, like Elijah, into Heaven!" I cried extravagantly, springing up in a kind of intoxication to do her bidding.

The candles lighted, I found the dining-room, a large, low-ceiled chamber, with walls of dark oak, a long table in the centre, and all one side occupied by a buffet which bore a lavish profusion of wines and viands. The pastry, fresh cut and sweet smelling, I set upon the table, and a dish of Acadian cakes—a kind of sweet dough fried in lard and rolled in maple sugar, which I liked. Then, pulling a couch from the wall to the table, I went to get my hostess.

"I can walk now, monsieur!" she said, giving me her hand.

I ignored it.

"One step now, and you may be helpless for weeks! It is impossible, mademoiselle, that such a hurt should be so soon recovered!" said I decisively; and before she could find words of effective protest I had carried her to the couch in the dining-room. Her face flushed this time most unmistakably, and she bit her lips—but whether in amusement or in anger I could not tell.

"Allow me to give you a glass of wine, mademoiselle!" said I, pouring and presenting it.

"I never touch it, monsieur," said she, lightly waving the glass aside.

"Then I do not want it," I exclaimed, replacing the decanter on the buffet. "But hungry I am, strange as it may seem. I have not eaten since breakfast."

"I pray you make a good meal, monsieur," she said gently.

I dug from the delectable depths of the pastry a plump pigeon breast for her. She picked at it, while I set myself vigorously to break my long fast. But eating, for me, then, was a business to be got through with. I scarce knew what I ate, and in a few minutes I had enough. I turned my chair so as to face her squarely. She was looking at me through the fringe of her lashes, but dropped her gaze at once, and began a frowning scrutiny of her hands, as if displeased at their snowy slenderness.

•

"Thanks, mademoiselle," said I slowly, "for dropping your eyes. I am thus enabled to observe, not utterly blinded, the rest of your beauty."

"As I suppose you will never see my face again, monsieur," said she, "I am flattered that you should be at such pains to note and remember my poor features."

"I will surely see your face again, mademoiselle!" I said very quietly, but through set teeth. At the passion which crept into my voice her eyelids fluttered; but she did not look up.

"You do not even know my name!" said she.

"I have never heard it!" I assented.

"I am Mademoiselle de Belhish."

"Your name is—Renée!" said I.

She opened her eyes widely upon me, and my veins tingled under the look.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"It came into my heart that it was Renée," said I, "when I was riding past, just before you called me!"

•

Was it joy sent that warm wave over her face and neck? It left her all the paler in a moment. I sat and looked at her, and for some minutes no word was said. The silence was big with wonder and destiny.

Suddenly she flushed again, and sat up from her cushions.

"Stop, monsieur!" she cried, a kind of desperation in her voice. "Do not look at me so! I know what you are thinking of. You are thinking of me! You must not!"

"I could never deceive you," I said very slowly. "I was thinking of you!"

"But I can deceive you!" she cried, with something like a sob. "I have deceived you!" she added. And, springing to her feet, she ran across the room and back, lightly as a blown leaf.

I was dumbfounded.

"But what——?" I began.

"What does it mean?" she interrupted. "It means that I wanted you here—to keep you here—I could think of no other way. Oh, do not think me all unmaidenly, monsieur! But a great danger, a terrible danger, threatened you on the road to Port Royal! I had to save you. And there was no other way!"

"What danger?" I asked, suddenly suspecting. "If danger for me, then danger for my comrades? I must go at once. Have you betrayed me, mademoiselle?"

•

"Oh, do not go. It can do no good. It could do no good. Wait. It was already too late. I will explain." And she clung so firmly to my arm that I could not, without violence, undo the tense grip of those fine and nervous fingers.

"Captain Duchesne came," she went on, "with four hundred Indians. My uncle has two hundred French soldiers. They moved upon the port this afternoon. Port Royal is surrounded. You could not get through. Had you gone on, you would have been a prisoner ere now—or scalped!" and she closed her eyes with a shudder. "Port Royal will fall to-night. Then I will hide you and get you away to your own people!"

I bowed my head. I could not upon the instant decide what I ought to do. She looked at me, a sort of fear growing in her eyes as I kept silence. At this moment came a tramping of feet outside, and a din of angry voices. Her face went ashen with terror.

"They are back!" she gasped. "They have failed. They will be in a fury. Oh, they will take you for a spy. Come! There is only one way. Come! Come!" And dragging me by the arm, she ran out of the dining-room, up the wide stairs, along a narrow corridor, and into a spacious room beneath the gable. Then she grasped both my arms, and looked me full in the face.

"You cannot escape alone!" she whispered. "The Indians will be all about the place. But I can take you through safely. I will set you free to-night. Give me your word that you will wait here till I come."

I laughed softly, seized her hands and kissed them in turn.

"I give you my word," said I. "I am altogether in your power, dear—where I would ever be!"

The next instant she was gone. I heard the key turn quietly in the lock. Then I heard her laughter in gay greeting.

*

For a few seconds I stood motionless in the dusk. There was a faint sweetness in the air of the room—the breath of her hair and garments. The place was athrill with her. I knew it was her own room—the one sure sanctuary in that house. My head bowed in a passion of reverence. I groped my way noiselessly to a chair. The wonder that filled my brain prevented thought; the joy that filled my heart made thought seem idle. She loved me, or was on the way to loving me. That filled life's horizon. Aims, interests, ambitions, of a few hours back, seemed to me like matters read of in a story book.

*

Down stairs the bustle and din of voices increased, but I heeded not. Perhaps two hours went by in my reverie. Then the key turned again, the door opened, and in the dark I felt Renée come in. I rose up, stretching out my hands. Instead of her own hands, she gave me a hat and cloak.

"What are these?" I asked.

"They belong to one of our officers," she answered. "Put them on, and we will go. Do not speak."

I followed her obediently down a narrow stairway and to a small door. This she opened. Then she took my arm, and we stepped boldly out into the garden. Here we walked up and down for several minutes. Twice we passed soldiers; but in the glimmering light Renée's face was plainly recognizable, and the men stepped aside.

From the garden we walked boldly forth into a lane which led down to the river. No one presumed to challenge us.

The lane ended in a little wharf, with a plump of willows beside it. Here Renée pointed to a canoe. She had not spoken all this while—nor had I, my heart being too full. The tide was brimming high. I launched the canoe, pulled the prow up onto the grass a little, and turned to Renée.

She was weeping, shaken with deep sobs. I took both her hands in mine, pulling them down from her face. "I love you!" said I. "What is the matter, beloved?"

*

"Good-by. I shall never see you again!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, trembling. Then I went on passionately: "There can be no good-by between us in all my life. You are all my life. You are mine. I shall come back for you at once. These fellows will be gone to-morrow. They are beaten!"

"No! no!" she answered. "When they go, I shall go with them. My uncle has betrothed me to Captain Duchesne. Before Lent—I shall be his wife!"

The words came hard. I could scarce catch them.

"Do you love him?" I asked stiffly.

"No! no! no!" she said, lifting her face like a child who would be comforted. "You know whom I love."

I caught her into my arms, sharply, and held her very close for a moment.

"Before Lent, indeed!" said I with a low laugh. "Before to-morrow's sunset you are my wife, Renée. Come, beloved! We shall be a little late at Port Royal."

Lifting her into the canoe, I thrust off, and paddled down the full, still tide.

From Renée, in the prow of the canoe, came a little sigh, but not of sorrow.

"It is so nice, Mark," she said presently, "to have difficult questions decided for you."

*

I need only add that, owing to circumstances which had delayed the Major's dinner, we were in time for dessert, after all.

"IT IS SO NICE, MARK, TO HAVE DIFFICULT QUESTIONS DECIDED FOR YOU"

* * *

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, A. M., F. R. S. C.,

was born at Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. His father, the Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, was rector of the parish of Westcock. The family moved to Fredericton in 1879, and Mr. Roberts attended the Collegiate school there. In 1876 he entered the University of New Brunswick, where he had for college-mate Bliss Carman, his first cousin and most intimate friend.

His first book, Orion and Other Poems, was published in 1880, the year of his marriage. In 1883 he went to Toronto and started The Week, occupying the position of editorial chief, with Goldwin Smith as owner. The following year he left The Week, and in 1885 became Professor of English and French Literature in King's College, Nova Scotia. Two years later he gave up French and took the chair of Economics and International Law instead. For eight months, in 1897, he was associate editor of The Illustrated American. Since then Professor Roberts' attention has been devoted to authorship.

THE FLOOD AT LOST RIVER

By CHARLES B. LEWIS

"A MILE farther! Only a mile farther to water!" the guide had called out over and over again, as we rode over the plains, on which the August sun beat down till every breath seemed to burn the lungs, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

Of the thirty troopers, five were lashed to their saddles, and little better than dead. Of the thirty horses, seven had dropped in their tracks since ten o'clock and been left behind. Of the seven dismounted troopers, only two were with the column. The others had lingered along until left far behind. No water for man or beast for thirty hours, and we were pushing ahead for Lost River. There was a selfish spirit in the looks and actions of every man. When the last horse dropped every man hurried on for fear he would be asked to add some burden.

Now and then a man stood in his stirrups to look ahead. You could read his thoughts in his looks. If he discovered signs of water, he was going to put spurs to his jaded horse and be the first to taste the precious fluid. Some looked back over our trail to see if the dismounted men were coming up, not because they were anxious for their safety, but because we might find only a little water, and it would have to be doled out.

The Sergeant on my right had extracted a bullet from its shell, and was holding it in his mouth, and mumbling about rivers and springs. Another man was sucking his fevered fingers, and cursing himself because he did not drink more before we left the fort. Had one man in that detachment come upon a spring, flowing a barrel of water to waste for every second of time, he would have defended it with his life against the thirst of his comrades.

As the column toiled along, lurching and stumbling like an animal seeking a covert in which to die, men cursed each other without the slightest provocation, and refused their sympathy for those still more distressed. Corporal Johnson whispered to me that if his horse gave out he would stay behind him and drink his blood; but before I had answered a word, he struck at me and hoarsely shouted:

"No! No! I tell you no! You shall not have one single drop! If you try to steal any I shall kill you!"

"The river! The river! It is right ahead of us, and we are saved!"

A thin fringe of grass and bushes, which seemed dead for years, extended east and west across our course and ran back to the mountains twenty miles away. There was the bed of Lost River. Men screamed out, instead of cheering, as they urged their horses forward toward the blessed river that was to quench their thirst. We looked down from the bank on the winding channel of yellow dirt, so dry that the puffs of wind raised little clouds of dirt here and there. Not a drop of water had run down that channel for weeks. Despair fell upon the men—silent, hopeless despair—and its effect was curious. No one cursed or murmured.

*

On the far bank were a few stunted cotton-woods, struggling for life and furnishing scarcely any shade. One by one we followed the officer across, and pulled the saddles from our horses and turned them loose. We had meat and bread, but no fires were kindled. When a man's throat aches and throbs, and his tongue fills his mouth, and his lips are like paper, he cannot eat. The officer issued no orders; the men had no word for each other. Each one threw himself down with the feeling that the end had come. There were oceans of water forty miles to the south, but neither horse nor man could travel a mile farther.

*

It was not sleep, but that dim consciousness one has just before chloroform benumbs his senses. We knew when one of the dismounted troopers dragged himself into camp and fell among us with a groan. We knew when the sun went down. We felt the cold night wind off the mountains, but if any one moved it was only to turn over. Night fell, and the canopy of heaven was studded with stars. Nine o'clock, ten, eleven, midnight found us still lying there. Then came a curious sound—a sound like a gale advancing upon a ship over a calm sea. It grew louder and louder, and with it was mingled the neighing and galloping of our horses. Men who had fallen down to die sprang up to behold a wonderful spectacle. From bank to bank Lost River was full of rushing, foaming water, sent down by a cloud burst in the mountains far away.

"Water! Water!" shouted a dozen husky voices in chorus, and next moment there was a mad rush. Men and horses mingled together. Men and horses rushed into the flood, to be swept down and drowned together. A quarter of an hour after that rush there was only eleven of us to answer to our names, and only half a dozen horses were nibbling at the parched grass around us. Back on the trail were three or four corpses in uniform. The rest of the troop were victims of the flood which rolled past us.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

With Drawings by HENRY HUTT

THIRD CHAPTER

AT THE expiration of the week Louise Fremont went again to Doctor Layton's office. After another examination the Doctor said quickly, "Would your father be willing to leave town at once, Miss Fremont?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Why should he?" she replied.

"I wish you to live out-of-doors for a month or so and stir up your blood."

"Is it drying up?" she asked, looking at him with growing curiosity.

"It is already dried up, I should say. You must live on the human side of life a while; then we will see what the circulation will do."

"But what has all of this to do with my eyes, Doctor?"

"Everything."

"What is the matter with them?"

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Doctor Layton, in his rapid way, turned around toward his table. He picked up an instrument and rubbed it absently with a piece of chamois skin as he replied, "I told you the other day that the only thing I can do slowly is to make a diagnosis. I do not wish to alarm you, but I must say this much with decision—your symptoms are serious enough for me to insist upon the restorative measures I suggest. If you are my patient you must do what I say or go to some one else for advice."

"But, Doctor, you talk as though I had refused to do what you say. I haven't. I don't even know yet what you have to say. Do you mean that I must wear glasses? I dislike the idea very much, but if it is necessary, I must do it—that is all."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean that I want you to give up using your eyes at close range for some time to come, to go into the country and live out-of-doors, in hope of restoring normal local conditions by an improved general condition."

"Couldn't you do something for me by treatment in town? We are all settled for the winter, and I am tired to death of wandering about."

"There! My diagnosis of your mind was right, anyway. You like your way in small things, but I tell you this is not a small thing—it is a big thing, and I can do nothing for you at present but give you this advice."

"Why don't you tell me what is the matter?" asked Louise, stiffly rising from the seat and putting on one glove.

"Because medical terms mean nothing to patients. I repeat that the conditions are serious as they stand now. All that I ask of you is to go to the seashore as an experiment. You say you love it; I can recommend a place that would just suit my purpose, because the air there is like champagne, and there would be no people but the natural kind to interfere with my cure."

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"Where is it?" asked Miss Fremont, whose gentleness of manner never fully concealed a life's habit of governing herself more graciously than accepting government from outside influence.

"It is a remote place on the Rhode Island coast called Weecapaug. During the summer a few artists, writers and quiet domestic families live there in modest cottages—some of them old farmhouses; but at this time of year no one is there but the native farmers and their families. For miles along the beach farmers own land down to the line of high tide. My ancestors on my mother's side came from that vicinity. That is why I know everything about the place. There is an old maid there, Miss Melissa Stillman, who lives alone, except for her hired help, a distant cousin older than herself, and as deaf as a post. Melissa has a large farm adjoining one owned by her married brother, who works her place and his own. Occasionally she has taken some of my patients to board, for she and I are great friends. They have always found the living comfortable in a primitive way, as I am sure you would. Let me see, what else can I tell you to interest you in the place? Oh, yes! Women like old burying grounds, spooks, supernatural lights and romantic fishermen, don't they? Weecapaug has all of these in abundance except the fishermen, of which there is only one, but he is a rare soul—enough to make up for a dozen ordinary ones. Now will you go?" and he laughed like a boy who has succeeded in making his little sister creep and squirm with a "scare story."

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Louise sat listening indifferently until he laughed—a sound no mortal was ever known to resist coming from him. Then her lips relaxed into the beginning of a smile, and she asked:

"Do you manage all of your patients by laughing at them, Doctor Layton?"

"Better than scolding, isn't it? Say you will go, just for the sake of the spooks. I have an idea! Your father might find historical and mythical matter galore down there. The Indians have left their charms in the earth, along with their bones, to be turned up by the ploughs, and the personality of the old Narragansett tribe is in every reminiscence of the elderly natives."

"That might interest father! Don't you see, Doctor Layton, how difficult it would be for him to work alone, or be interested in anything without me? I am all he has, and our habits are as confirmed as two old maids. I tell him we are the personification, masculine and feminine, of the Cranford type. But I am keeping you from your patients. There are half a dozen waiting."

"Let them wait; they are used to it. I should like to meet your father again. Bring him in and I will persuade him to go at once."

•

"That is not necessary, thank you. Whatever is best for me he considers best for *him*. He is a most unselfish man. I will think over your advice and take it if I possibly can do so."

"That's right, Miss Fremont. Meantime, I might write to Melissy asking her to take you both in."

"You are very kind to take the trouble in your busy life, if you will. I shouldn't—wonder—if—I—might—go," she answered hesitatingly.

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Doctor Layton walked over to the window; standing there with his hands in his pockets, trying to conceal that he did not object to triumphs in small things himself, he went on: "You will never regret it if you go, for a more beautiful place of its kind than Weecapaug I have never seen on the Atlantic coast—nor on any coast, for that matter. Make your arrangements right away. I'll mail the letter to-day; by the end of the week a reply will reach us, and you can go the first of next."

"Are you always in a hurry yourself, Doctor? or is it only for other people you make haste?" Louise asked, moving slowly toward the door.

"Oh, yes; I take my own medicine, and I fight by attack. I'll mail you Miss Melissy's reply; then will you be kind enough to let me know what you decide to do?"

•

"No wonder your patients sound your praises if you can find time for such kindness in every case."

"There are cases and cases, you know, Miss Fremont. Yours is calling out much study and interest from me. It is unusual. I'll hope to hear from you, then. Good-morning, Miss Fremont."

"Good-morning, Doctor Layton."

Miss Fremont took her departure, and Doctor Layton, rubbing his hand over his forehead and eyes, said, "Who comes next, Jennie? Furgason again? Send him in."

Louise Fremont spent the remainder of the day in thinking over the prospect presented to her by the Doctor. Her habit was to weigh and analyze every idea she grasped, but being of an impersonal turn of mind, things were of more interest to her than people, and her analytical weakness was led more by the study of others' characters than by contemplation of her own. People interested her brain, not her heart. She thought out the effect such a change would have on her father, and decided it would be good for him, especially as he seemed much more easily fatigued of late than ever before.

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Then she tried her utmost to imagine how she could spend several weeks without reading or writing. This thought was finally settled as an impossibility for her, although she would make the attempt, because the Doctor must think something radically wrong with her sight or he would not have been so imperative, which word turned her thoughts upon the medical profession, forcing her to reconsider, because she knew that specialists of celebrity all rode hobbies and frightened patients into doing useless and absurd things; moreover, this specialist in particular had shown himself an arbitrary man, rather inclined to take things for granted. In considering this last point her mind dwelt on his personality, and she decided that his wife must have had a hard time of it living with such a strong-willed man, who, by general report, had lived commonly, if not grossly, during her lifetime.

"Dear me!" she sighed, as she walked toward The Eldorado, "I wonder if there is another man left on earth as good as father, or possessed of high purpose and loyalty. The trouble is," she continued to think, "that in our day there is no heroic movement to spur them on; while Christianity was a living, emotional force, and women demanded the purity of chivalry, men acted—now they do nothing but think and talk without result."

That evening, a short time after dinner, as the Professor and his daughter reached the door of their own apartments, she locked her arm in his as she said, "Father, I hope the fire is burning brightly, and that the big chair stands in front of it, ready for use, because I want you to let me sit as I used to when I was a little girl. I have something particular to say to you, father. I want to talk it all out, as I heard a girl once say she was going to do with her mother."

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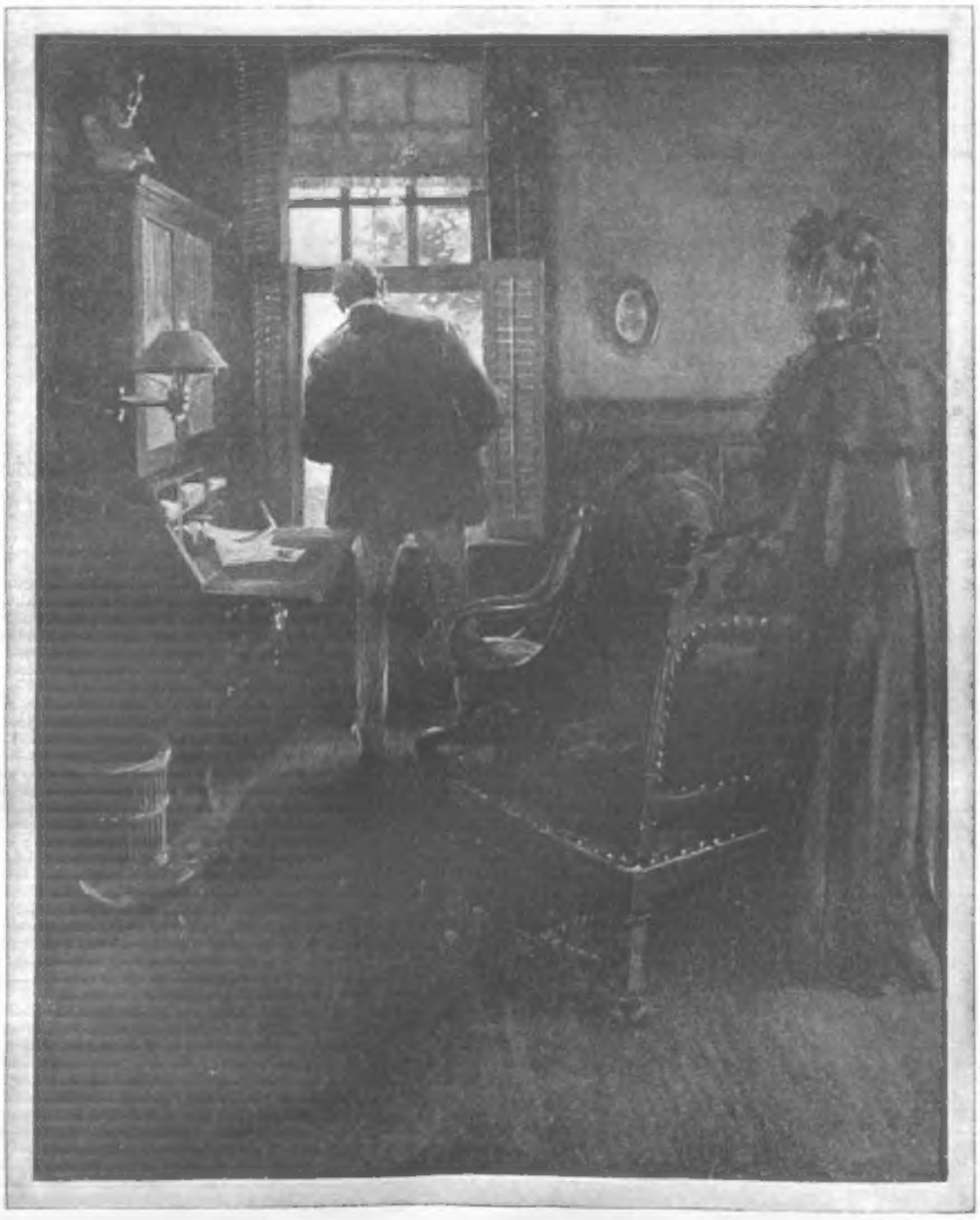
"My poor Louise," said the Professor, touching her forehead lightly with his lips. "Poor child, with no mother to talk to. I miss the evening time with my child. Why did we ever stop it? I remember how, as a tiny thing, you used to come to my knee as soon as the open fire blazed and say, 'Pap, want up,' and I would take you up and tell you stories of mythical and historical heroes—far beyond your comprehension, no doubt—until you slept in my arms. Oh, Louise! that was long ago, and I have selfishly neglected the feelings of my child, I expect, of late years, because she seemed so self-sufficient—so far removed from the ordinary ways of woman——"

"Hush, father, do not blame yourself. You have not had time to think about little things, but——"

"That is the accepted excuse of the selfish, Louise," he interrupted. Seating himself in the chair before the fire, he drew her to his knees and continued: "Now tell me, dear, is anything disturbing you? Has the time come when a girl most of all times needs her mother—when she has made up her mind to take a mate for better or for worse?"

DOCTOR LAYTON WALKED OVER TO THE WINDOW



"No! no! father—not that! Did you think I was in love and meant to tell you about it? No, indeed; I don't think I ever shall be that."

"Why not you like other women, Louise? The love passion is the greatest thing on earth—something to be envied and dealt with seriously."

"Probably my trouble is that I handle it too seriously—that I expect too much. When I find a man as good as you are, father, I'll marry him, if he'll have me, whether I feel any great love for him or not—if you are not still with me—but never before."

"Never do that, my child. Love will come to you in good time. I have even thought you would be happier if your standard for people were lower—more within the possibilities of human nature. What is it you expect? Perfection? There is no such thing on earth. You are not perfect, are you?"

"Of course not. But I cannot help seeing other people's faults before I do their virtues, can I? It's my nature. Do you remember that young Professor we met at Athens? I believe I would have cared for him had he not worn soiled linen and waited on himself at the table, without thinking about anybody else."

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"He was greedy, I admit. I remember him on account of it, myself; but he had many excellent qualities. Had you in truth experienced for him love, you would not have observed his peculiarities. Just think of it, dear! Your mother had many opportunities, yet she loved me and married me, whose faults are too numerous to be catalogued. You have yet to learn the mystery of the feeling which says, 'With all thy faults I love thee still.' I can recall the time before we were married when I used to sit in a corner at your grandfather Allison's and listen to your dear mother sing a song to those words, while the students—my young rivals—clustered around her. She was the most beautiful creature in all the world to me, although I believe the people generally thought her more charming of manner than beautiful of feature."

Louise sat silently in her father's arms a few moments, while he softly smoothed her hair. She sighed deeply and rested her head against his shoulder; then she said: "Father, this Doctor I have been to about my eyes says my blood is dried up. Do you suppose he means that literally or only metaphorically?"

"Well! Well! That is a unique statement to make, unless it has some specific intention. I cannot imagine his meaning."

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"He is a queer man, and says exactly what he pleases," she remarked.

"I hope he took no displeasing liberties of speech with my daughter," said the Professor, sitting a trifle more stiffly in his chair.

"Oh, no! Not that! I mean he is very frank and outspoken, with a tendency to make people do his bidding."

"As long as he confines his commands to professional dictates, I see no harm in that, daughter," replied the Professor in his soothing tone.

"Of course that is all he does, but I don't like to be bossed, even by my physician."

"'Bossed' is not altogether an elegant word, Louise; I never heard you use it before. How has he been bossing?"

Then she told him in detail of the recent interview. The Professor looked greatly alarmed when she quoted the phrase about the serious symptoms.

"Serious!" he exclaimed. "How does he mean serious? That is a portentous word, to be handled only with discretion."

"You mustn't take any doctor literally, father. He only said that because I hesitated about doing what he wanted me to do. I am rather tired all over. The life will do neither of us any harm, and may do me the good he counts on; so if you are willing we will go where he advises us."

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"Certainly, certainly, my child! The book can wait—it is always of secondary importance to my child's health. As you say, we may come across some valuable Indian lore. Let me see—there was a chief of the Narragansetts called Sosoa, if I do not mistake, whose life was of historical interest. Perhaps we can make notes on him—that is, I mean that I can do it."

"Oh, in a few weeks I'll be as fine as a fiddle again, making more notes than you will ever use. My eyes are tired just as my whole body is. What people must suffer who go blind! I'll never forget the look on that man's face in the Doctor's office the other day. It was suicidal despair. I'm sure I would feel that way myself were I to lose my sight. I simply could not live were I deprived of the beauty of the world—its color, in particular. I heard a woman once say about me, 'Well, Monsieur Lingard, how did you endure that expressionless American through dinner?' And she was right. I am expressionless. No matter how intensely I feel I do not show much in my face. Something was left out of my composition, father. Why is it, do you suppose, that I never show my feelings in my face, as some girls do on all occasions?"

"Facial expression, I have always been given to understand, is caused by a flexible muscular action, which you have not in your face. I hardly believe, Louise, though I do not affirm this, that you do possess as many shades of emotional life as many people. Trivial incidents neither excite nor disturb you. In large affairs you possess all of the dimensions of feeling; but even so, do you believe the depths of your nature have ever been touched?"

"No, father, they never have been, except through my imagination, and that only to a small extent. Just think of a woman of my age who has never been in love!"

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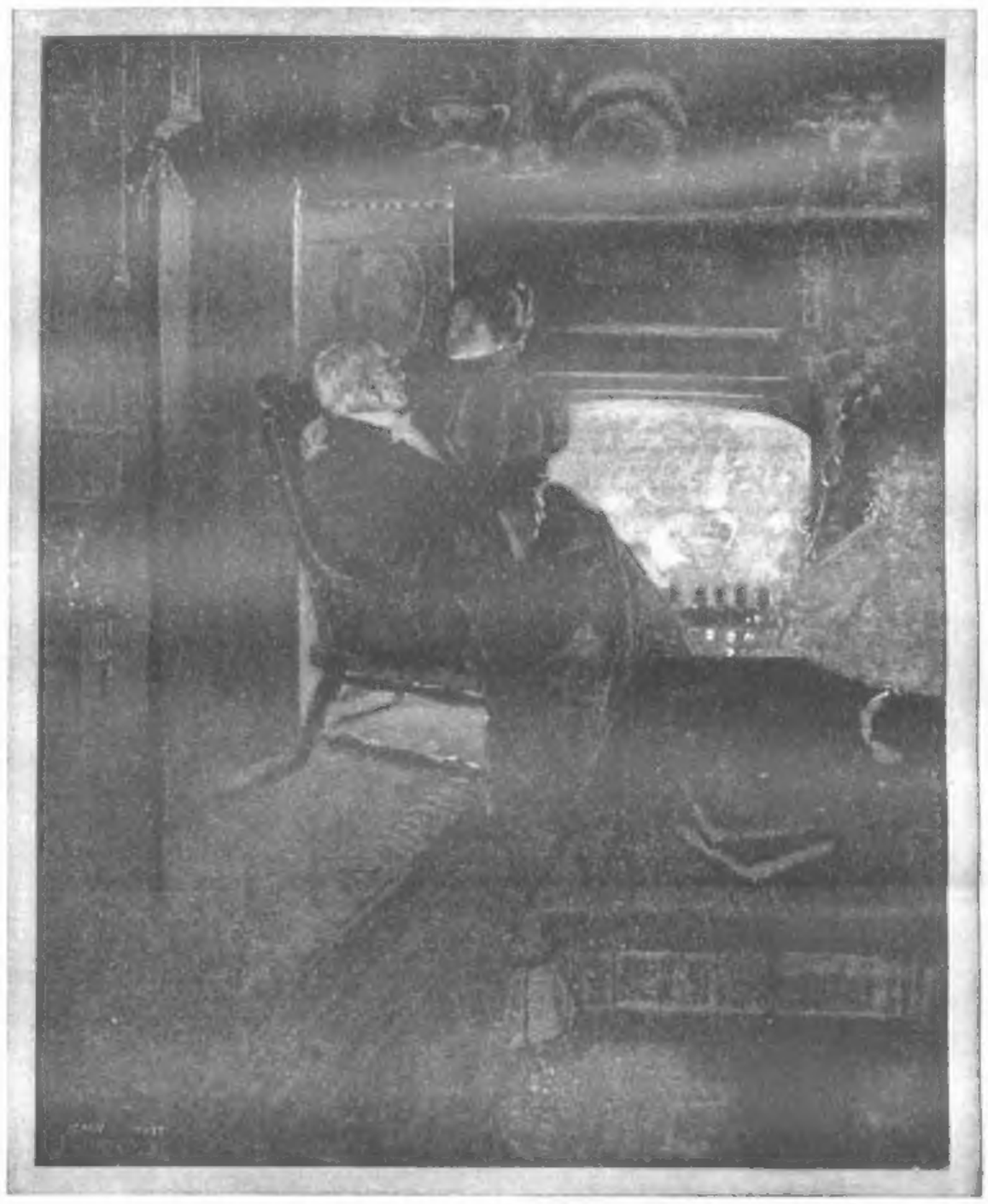
"You are not altogether a *rara avis* in this time of our century, when young women hunt up a lover's bank account, put him through a university examination, and inquire into his domestic habits before they say yes."

"Why, father! Where did you get such ideas? I didn't know you ever thought about such things!"

"I can hardly say I have thought about them. I have been impressed with the commercial spirit of matrimony in my wanderings. People used to take each other 'for better or for worse'; nowadays, if the worse comes in any form, legal separation is apt to follow. But I am certainly no authority on such subjects, my daughter. I may have old-fashioned notions about them. Your own heart and brain must govern your movements when the time comes—as it surely will."

"That time will never come to me, Professor Tom, never! Simply because my brain governs my heart always, and the soiled linen is as plain to my vision as a heart of gold or the brain of a genius."



"NOW, TELL ME, DEAR. IS ANYTHING DISTURBING YOU?"

"You could supply clean linen easier than either of the other two things after marriage," and the Professor tapped her cheek in loving reproof.

"Father, can you understand me when I say I desire to love more than anything else on earth? I want to feel for myself what I have felt only for heroines of romance so far. I wish I liked all people better; but as I do not, let me truly love some one beside you, which I can honestly say I never have done. Aunt Arethusa was positively obnoxious to me; Cousin Helen was more or less of a society fool—weak above everything else—and the hundreds of people we meet are interesting only as people are in books, though more commonplace and trite."

"Well, well, dear!—all in good time. Your brain development has gone ahead of your heart, but love will come. Why, child, love is the sun and rain of human existence. It refreshes the sad and weary heart; it enriches the soil on which the virtues grow; it teaches self-sacrifice and loyalty one to another; it is the fundamental principle of the highest religion taught by the Nazarene who said, 'Love one another,' first and last. Have we not agreed that in this one particular His teaching stands out as a beacon light above that of all other prophets? Love and charity, my daughter—love and charity are the bread of life. Louise, I have lost that pocket handkerchief again. I'll have to disturb you to see if it is in my pocket. No; it has been mislaid. Now, you will say I am commonplace because I permit a necessity of Nature to interfere with our fire-light confidences. The demands of Nature are fundamental and imperative. They must receive attention. Now, if you had a lover who developed a sudden head cold in the act of proposal, I suppose you would reject him as an unheroic, nineteenth century man. Believe me, the mediæval heroes had head colds, too, and, what is worse, were not careful about keeping a supply of pocket handkerchiefs on hand. Such facts are true, but they are never mentioned in books, you know, Louie."

HAD HE NOT WORN SOILED LINEN

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"Now, father, you are making fun of me," said Louise as she reentered the room from his bed-chamber adjacent, where she had gone during his last remarks in search of a fresh handkerchief. "Here is your handkerchief, and go to bed. Men always do make fun of women's finer sensibilities."

"Well, if fun-making will bring you down to earth in your contemplation of this all-important question, why not use fun? Remember what your favorite, Charles Lamb, says: 'Man, while he loves, is never quite depraved; and woman's triumph is a lover saved.' To be sure, this applies to larger relations than that existing between you and a head cold, but when he comes you will lose sight of his infirmities of body and character until you have to live with them, then love will teach you to excuse them, as you do my head colds and forgetfulness, my child."

"Oh, you are different. One doesn't expect one's father to be a saint."

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"It is fortunate that is the case, then. Good-night, my Louise. When you find the hero immaculate (?) and excelling, your old father will never bear comparison with him."

"No man could ever be to me what you are, father."

"No, but he could be much more. Now good-night again. We go to the secluded spot by the sea next week, where we can continue this discussion *ad infinitum*, having no work to do."

"Good-night, father." She kissed him, then, stooping down, picked up something from the floor, adding, "Here is your handkerchief. You dropped it."

"You wouldn't care to do that for the hero, would you, Louie?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"You are a good daughter, and you will make some man a good wife. Good-night, dear child."

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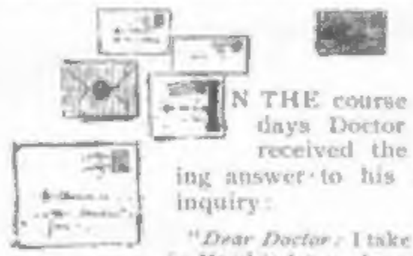
• FOVRTH • CHAPTER •



IN THE course of a few days Doctor Layton received the following answer to his letter of inquiry:

"*Dear Doctor:* I take my Pen in Hand to let you know I don't see any particular reason why I can't acomdate the boarders seeins they be your friends. Be they men folks or women folks?

"Your obedient servant,

"MELISSA STILLMAN."

Doctor Layton immediately inclosed the note to Louise Fremont, adding these few lines on the inside of the ruled sheet:

"*My Dear Miss Fremont:* Go at once if you have decided favorably. She will be ready for you at any time. Take the boat on the Stonington line. It will reach Stonington in the morning about five o'clock. There take train to a station called Shamrock—the nearest post-office—where you can get a team to carry you to Weecapang in about forty minutes. Let me know if the arrangement proves satisfactory or otherwise, and oblige Yours,

"EVERETT LAYTON."

Louise read this note slowly through; then she read it aloud to her father, adding impatiently, "Do you see now what I mean

by his being bossy? He takes for granted I am going because he told me to."

"Is not that the habitual manner among physicians? It is merely professional, not at all personal, his commanding tone. Usually you are only too willing to do anything a doctor suggests. Perhaps you have conceived a personal prejudice against this gentleman, Louie."

"Perhaps I have. Anyway, we are going to investigate this sequestered home of his ancestors. I confess I am curious about the place. Just look at this Miss Melissa Stillman's writing and English. She has forgotten all she ever learned at school."

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The Professor put on his glasses to read the note, remarking as he finished the perusal, "Observe the use of 'be' in place of 'are,' Louie. That was the form employed originally by all classes in some sections of New England—a direct lingual inheritance, it is presumed, from British ancestors. I shall be interested to trace its history and to observe corresponding primitive lingual usages among the natives, such as the New England dropping of the 'r' where it belongs, and the addition of it on the end of such words as 'idea,' 'Hannah,' etc."

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"Well, if that distinctly primitive note interests you, employ your time by going to the root of it, while I go out and make inquiries about the Stonington boat he mentions, and the other connections. We had best go at once or the celebrated doctor will throw up the case."

"Can't I attend to those details for you, Louie?" asked the Professor anxiously. He always asked the question when traveling was contemplated, invariably receiving the same answer, "No, thank you, father. I am more accustomed to attending to such things than you are."

"As you think best, Louie," he always replied, with an involuntary sigh of relief.

When they drove to the dock the following evening, to take the Stonington boat, Louise dropped into a letter-box a note containing these few words:

"*My Dear Doctor Layton:* We are starting for the undiscovered country at your command. I have no idea what I am to do by way of cure when I get there. If you are trying Faith Cure on me it may work successfully; mind cure will not, because I have been trying that on myself for six months past.

"Thank you for securing the boarding place, and will you be kind enough to send your bill for the examination at your earliest convenience? Sincerely,

"LOUISE FREMONT."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JEM STOKES had shipped at Bombay. He was a great, raw-boned man, with only one good eye, and the ugliest blue stare in the other you ever saw. The Captain, being short-handed, picked him up at a shipping office. He knew nothing about him; and for all that Stokes had to say for himself, he never would know anything about him. From the hoisting of the mudhook, the man had never a word, good or bad, for anybody. Nothing done or said by any of the rest of the crew seemed to affect him in the slightest. He went about his work, chewing his quid and blinking his bleary eye for all the world like a Burmese ox.

But in spite of his humor, which certainly was not pleasant, he was able at his trick and shirked at nothing. He was a good man at heavy work, and, although he wasn't much on a weather-earring or quick tripping aloft, he could easily run away with halyards on deck which it took a whole half dozen of us regular fellows to even manage.

What the matter was with Stokes nobody seemed to know. The mate, who was an easy-going man, kept out of his way. The Captain, before he was taken down, humored him, and called it the "dumb staggers." Bat Reilly said it was "dumb cussedness" and nothing else. But Bat was prejudiced. To tell the truth, none of us knew what to make of him, but as a subject for discussion he was a great find for us. The fact is, when you're caged up for a cruise in a twenty-foot fo'c's'le with a six-foot lunatic, with arms as big as the royal yard, and as strong, and the face of a Calcutta coolie on half rations, you've got to think of something.

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There was only one person aboard who seemed to have any effect on him, and she was the supercargo. Just before leaving the docks, the Captain's niece—from somewhere up Simla-way—came aboard the Lady Betty, bound for the Cape. Her father was a half-pay English Captain out there.

We were pretty busy getting in the last of the cotton when she came over the side. But the hoisting stopped as we looked at her. Such a pretty pink bit of a thing she was!

Jem Stokes was standing at the hauling end of the purchase, right by the gangway. And when the dainty bonnet and blue eyes bove in sight above the rail, he stood there, just gaping and blinking his good eye, while the bale he was lifting swung in mid-air for a whole minute, until the golden locks went down the companion. Then the bale came down with a run, and nearly made a mess of Achstein, the little German, who was staring like the rest of us at the lady.

Stokes, as usual, said nothing. But he made a sound something between a laugh and a growl, and ran the next bale up so fiercely and so suddenly that it all but carried away the block of the triatic.

Well, to cut it short, we didn't see much of Miss Mary Lane—or "Golden Locks," as we came to call her—for five or six days, and the flickering hopes we had of Jem went out like a candle. He went more into himself than ever, if that were possible, and sat smoking and blinking his eye, until he gave me the shivers. The Captain had a bad liver, so the mate said, and Golden Locks had to stay below to nurse him. There wasn't one of us who wouldn't have liked to see her sweet face in the gangway again.

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She came up at the end of a week, looking white from lack of exercise. Stokes sat on his ditty-box and watched her as she walked forward and aft, something almost like a smile on his ugly mouth. When she went below again, Jem got worse than ever. He glared in such a glassy, fixed kind of a way that it made me feel funny down to the bottoms of my feet.

And I wasn't the only one. To my thinking, the Betty carried good men—better than most sailors. But that didn't keep them from being a bit shy of Stokes. Sailor like, they got the idea that, what, with the Captain sick and a topsail split, Stokes was the cause of it, and they gave him a wide berth, as they would a Holy Joe or a sea lawyer.

As I have said, at first Jem Stokes didn't seem to mind being left alone. When his work was done he would sit, pipe in mouth, with his great hairy fists over his knees, gazing out to sea, miles and miles away from us all, from the look of him. But as the fit grew on him, he got quarrelsome in his strange, silent manner. He would go out of his way to jostle a man, and growl at any one like a savage beast.

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It was a heart-breaking cruise. Ten days out we soused into the nastiest jumble of cross wind and sea that you'd find between here and The Solent. The Lady Betty leaked like a nutmeg grater and steered like a coal barge, but, though she went through most of them, and buried her rail half under at every other leeward roll, we managed to keep her swimming until we got out of the circle of it and under a purple sky again.

The blow had racked us, though. I could see that, and I was only cabin-boy then. The deck planking had sprung, and you could see the seams open and shut as she tossed. Her bottom was sound enough, but there was a bad leak just above the water-line, aft, that filled us full on the starboard tack. We had lost our mizzen topmast short off above the cap.

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The water from the leak got ahead a bit, do what we would, and five days of it at the pumps had made us pretty tired and sore, I can tell you. The Captain was no better, and Golden Locks had to be with him all the time. To make matters worse, we found that the water had run into the locker where the provisions were, and there was nothing for it but to settle down to sea-biscuit and bad pork.

We all stood up under it very well except Jem Stokes, who had been swearing steadily under his breath for three days. But when we found that there wasn't any coffee, that you couldn't live in the same cuddy with the pork, and that you had to knock your biscuit against a stanchion to spill the weevils out, then even Bat Reilly kicked—and Bat wasn't a man who kicked for nothing. When the cook served Stokes his rations, and told him how it was, Stokes' face was a sight.

He was dumb for a minute, smelling the pork. I can see him now, as he sat there on a sea chest under the break of the forecastle, his thin nostrils opening and shutting at the smell of the nasty stuff. His brow contracted, and he looked first at the cook and then at the dish, then back at the cook again, the frown deepening every time. He lifted up his great bulk, limb after limb, and stood up straight and still for a moment.

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Then Stokes broke loose!

He dashed the platter to the deck, and opened out in such a torrent of abuse of everybody and everything, from the skipper down even to me, that Bat Reilly, who thought he knew the whole sea language from Bristol to Ballyhack and back again, dashed down the companion in shame and confusion. The black cook turned the color of a new cable and followed.

The skipper was below in his cabin, and we were thankful for that, for he would stand no such mutinous conduct, and there'd have been bloodshed then and there for certain. The skipper could eat as much fire as Jem Stokes, and Jem Stokes knew it. Mr. Bowling, the mate, who had the deck, glanced forward, and then turned aft with the glass to try and find a sail. Bowling was a good enough seaman and navigator, but he was a light-weight, and all of us knew it—Jem Stokes, too.

If the skipper had been well, and had had the deck, the thing would never have happened, and Stokes would have had a free ticket for Davy Jones with an ounce or so of lead in him and a grave a thousand fathoms deep. But the good Lord, on that Thanksgiving morning, didn't wish that things should end that way.

Whether it was the smell of the pork—and that was bad enough—or some madness, there seemed no accounting for the awful change in the man. His face, when I saw him as I tumbled forward, was working and twisting like a heavy nimbus cloud with a blow behind it. And the storm was coming sure enough—an awful one!

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Right aft to the poop he plunged, both his fists clenched and shaking over his head. Mr. Bowling by this time had put the glass down and come to the rail, as steady as you please, to bluff the matter out. But he was a mild, pleasant man, and the manner didn't sit well on him.

"What's this, Stokes," said he, as though off-hand. "What's this about?"

"'Tis bloody Stokes!" shouted the maniac. "Bloody, bloomin' Stokes! Come down out o' that—ye lob-scoused, soft-sided lady—come down out o' that."

Bowling just stood there, getting red and then white. The invitation didn't seem to suit his fancy. Then he made a mistake. Instead of humoring the man, or shooting him on the spot, as the skipper would have done, he put his elbows athwart his hips and began to talk as though he were in the House of Representatives:

"Are you aware," said he, trying to look bold and dreadful, "are you aware that this is insubordination—that this is mutiny, Jem Stokes, and that the Captain of this barkentine——"

Jem Stokes heard it, but he didn't seem to be listening. He began running along the deck as though looking for something, moving low on his legs like an ourang-outang, his head bent into his chest and his fingers moving as though they were playing Chris Achstein's flute. He reached the rail, where he seized two spare pins, one in each hand. Mr. Bowling never got any further. Stokes made a dash for the poop ladder, letting fly a pin at the same time. One end of it, as it came spinning, knocked Mr. Bowling's hat up into the air as though it had been struck by a capstan bar.

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That was enough for the mate. He gave one glance at the terrible figure bounding up the companion, and went aft in two jumps and disappeared down the cabin hatch. Acosta, the dago, who had had the wheel, was half way up the mizzen rigging by this time, and the other pin, which flew by his ears as he scudded aloft, just made him soar. He didn't stop until he got to the broken cap, and he would have gone even farther—if he'd had wings.

Jem Stokes stopped a moment, looking around slowly, as a bear or a tiger would for his prey. Then he saw me. The cook, Achstein and Billy Wattles were already safe in the foretop. I stood on the fo'c's'le trying to choose between the cross trees and the flying jibboom. But he came like a streak, and I took what was nearest. Up the rigging I went, faster even than the dago, and got over the buttocks into the top, where I grinned down.

The end wasn't yet, by a long sight. There were six men below, and Bat Reilly was the first to heave in sight. Bat was a big man, but spare in limb and light for his height. But he sailed right for Jem Stokes.

HE DASHED THE PLATTER TO THE DECK AND OPENED OUT IN A TORRENT OF ABUSE

But he might as well have gone up against the bow of the Betty herself. He led neatly, but Jem countered him as though he'd been a feather, and landed so squarely on Bat's jaw that from up where I was it sounded like the drop of a snatch-block from aloft. Bat tripped sideways over a halyard rack and went down like a log. Three more men came up forward—two of them coolies—and two more aft, but they'd seen enough, for they scrambled aloft as fast as their toes would take them.

The ship by that time had come up into the wind, which fortunately was light, and was swaying to and fro on the long swell. But there was no danger just then. Stokes was looking aloft, first at us and then at the men in the main. He didn't seem to know what to do first; but he spat on his hands and got on the fore-sheerpole.

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Achstein saw him as he came, and, leaning over, let fly a belaying pin which struck the rigging just between his hands. So he let go. He walked up and down, up and down, a moment or so, uncertain, and then dived into the fo'c'sle.

"Vat's he oop to now?" asked Achstein, drawing a long breath.

We hadn't long to wait. Stokes came out in a moment, carrying his ditty box. He set it down, mumbling to himself the while, and then putting the key in, opened it. We saw him take out a pistol and jam the cartridges in.

"He's a-gwine to shoot," said the cook, his eyes ready to pop from their sockets, and promptly shinned up to the crosstrees.

"Let him shoot," said Achstein. "I don't believe he can hit nodding. I tink I catch him vonce vit de marlinspeeke."

Then the revolver cracked. The bullet whistled by harmlessly, but the cook yelled, and I think it struck near the crosstrees by mistake. Achstein leaned over and hove the marlinspike. It struck the deck, quivering, not an inch from Jem's feet. He fired a shot in reply, and moved over to the main, where he hid behind the long-boat.

He had hardly been there a minute before a quarter-block came thundering down and splintered the stern sheets behind which he was sitting. He got under the overhang of the stern, and, when he had loaded up, began on us again. The bullets went everywhere but at the mark. I never did see such bad shooting in all my life! Billy Wattles walked out to the side of the top and began shaking his fist and making faces at Jem.

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"Eef you keep a-moofin' like that, he'll heet you sure," said Achstein. "Keep schtill—schtill, and de teufel can't coom in a mile."

Sure enough, a bullet just then came whizzing through the brim of Billy's round hat, and he turned the color of paper. He didn't get out into the open again.

I suppose we'd have been treed up there in that top for a week if something strange hadn't happened. The sight of that maniac below there, walking up and down, waving his arms, swearing and blinking his eyes at the sun, seemed to cast a sort of spell over us all, and, after a while, we just sat there watching him, and not making a sound. I was peering over the edge of the top and saw him load up his pistol for the third time. He was facing us, ready to open out with another bad sample of target practice, when the cabin door behind him opened slowly and quietly, and in a second or two a curly head peeped cautiously out. It was Golden Locks!

WE STOOD, SHIFTING FROM ONE FOOT TO THE OTHER, TILL GOLDEN LOCKS SHOWED US OUR SEATS

Achstein was on his feet. "Da lieber!" he said in a suppressed voice. "Gulden Haar. He vill schnot her dedt. Gott behüte!"

Jumping up, we all waved our hands at her, but we were silent for fear of attracting the attention of Stokes. She didn't notice us. She came out and closed the door behind her, holding her little figure straight as an arrow. She looked, to the cowardly lot of us, as tall as a spar, in her beautiful fearlessness.

We were all dancing along the straight edge of the top, and must have looked funny enough to Jem Stokes. For, regardless of the pins and billets of wood the fellows in the main top were chucking at him, he came forward, bellowing like a fog horn, his pistol raised ready to fire.

The little figure was now close behind him.

"Das madchen," shrieked little Achstein. "Gulden Lochs. Ist verloren. Oxcuse me." And, to our astonishment, he quickly vanished down through the lubber's hole.

It's our shame that we had that little Dutchman's example to follow. The fellows in the main top caught on, too. For there wasn't a man Jack of us who would have had a hair of her head harmed if he could help it. Achstein seemed to bring us all to our senses. But we didn't all get down on deck before the end came.

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Achstein was on the sheerpole, ready to jump, and Stokes had a sight of him at point-blank range. From his upturned face we could see it meant death. He couldn't have missed if he'd tried. But before Stokes had time, the little gray figure had stolen up behind him. She laid her hand on his shoulder, and the pistol arm shook. Achstein sprang down at this moment, the revolver in his hand cracked viciously as it went off, but the bullet never reached its mark.

Stokes turned around and saw her; his arm dropped, and Achstein stood as though glued to the deck with astonishment at the change in the man. His eyes were dilated, the corners of his mouth were drawn down, and quivered just like the face of a sensitive girl when she's about to cry.

She stood there, looking at him calmly—smiling. My eyes, but she was beautiful! The difference between them was the difference between an angel of light and the arch-fiend himself.

We were all so wrought up about her that we hardly knew what to make of Jem. If things hadn't been so tragic, Jem's face would have been funny. He dropped back a step or two, waving his hand before his eyes, as though to keep away a vision or something. Then he looked at her, his mouth wide open with astonishment. And from her he looked at the smoking pistol in his hand, as though at something he'd never seen before and didn't know what to do with.

Golden Locks broke the spell that was over all of us.

"Please give me that pistol, Mister Stokes," said she quietly. She asked it as though it was a matter of course. Jem took it just that way. He stood, his head on his breast, weak and trembling, fit to fall. He lifted his blinking eyes for a moment and then handed over the fire-arm, meek as a young lamb.

MR. BOWLING NEVER GOT ANY FURTHER

Well, you could have sold us all for a cent—we felt so mean about it. Several hands of us, brave as you please, now that the trouble was over, came up behind him and caught him by the arms. But Jem didn't move a muscle to defend himself. He stood there, not saying a word nor making even a sign.

Golden Locks laid the pistol on a hatch combing and stood there in front of him, just looking him through and through. She didn't say anything more. She didn't have to. Jem looked like a whipped dog. He trembled so that you could feel him working and shaking all down inside of him. When he began to speak the sound was strange.

The great growl had gone entirely, and his voice sounded weak and plaintive, like an animal in pain.

"I didn't go—to do it, Missy," he sobbed. "That there pork—sort o' set me off. I ain't been right—it's me head, Missy—I ain't been right sence up in the mountains—Touch of the sun—An' the little girl—she was like you, Missy. Sun an' Maharajah—they did it, an' she's—dead—dead an'—I buried her."

He shook so that we could hardly hold him upright.

"We had it—hard—awful hard—Missy—my little girl and me. He killed her—the Maharajah did. Killed her; do ye hear?" he almost shouted. "He killed her."

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He grew calmer in a moment or so.

"I ain't been the same sence, Missy. I swore to have his life, I did—an' I'd 'a' had it, so I would. But they was after me—an' I shipped till it could blow over. I never wanted to kill nobody but him, Missy, an'—I didn't want to hurt nobody here. It seems funny, Missy," he passed his hand over his eyes. "It's funny, Missy, I sort o' thought they was all after me—an'—an'—an' that's all, Missy."

Then he broke down. It was an awful long speech for him. We didn't wonder at his breaking down.

Pleasant sort of a romance to set down on the deck of a steady-going merchantman, wasn't it? We let him loose, at a sign from Golden Locks, and he went and sat down on a transom, burying his head in his hands, and rocking from side to side like a teetotum. She moved over to him, put her hand on his head, and tried to say something to him. But that only made matters worse, and it was pitiful to hear the sobs that racked him from head to foot. But she kept at it, saying things to him in her soft voice and patting him as though he were a big Newfoundland dog, until there wasn't one of us who didn't wish that he had run amuck, too.

After a while he calmed down for good, and tried to get up and thank her for calling him Mister, and being good to him. But he was as weak as a cat, and would have fallen if some of us hadn't helped him into the fo'c'sle. Golden Locks watched us take him in and then went to the cabin door.

Bat Reilly was up and around before this, and followed Stokes. Bat got over the blow, and I think rather admired Jem, as good men will those who can beat them out. When they both could think right again they managed to fix it up between them. Jem was very quiet and didn't say much. It was a different kind of a quiet, though.

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Mutiny is a terrible thing at sea. The worst Jem Stokes had to fear was from the skipper, for though he was as sweet as you please with everything going well, he was a terrible man to cross. But Golden Locks did it all. How she managed to bring him around as she did will always be a mystery. He was pretty bad from his sickness, and the worry of the storm had made him weak and helpless, I guess. So, after all, perhaps, seeing Jem was out of his head, he was glad to think the way she did.

The mate wasn't any good in trouble like this, and she made the skipper believe that, if soft words could turn a man the way they had, the ship was the better for it, and that was the best way out of it. She must have said she could bring peace and happiness to us all, and he knew she could do anything she tried. As for the crew, when we found that Jem had been out of his head, and that Golden Locks was his friend, that made things all right with us.

The rest of the afternoon that ship might have been a Quaker meeting, for all the swearing and hard feeling that went on. Golden Locks called Bat Reilly aft, and he went, sheepish and silly looking.

"I hear that you swear a good deal, Mister Reilly," said she, smiling prettily.

Bat twisted his cap and moved a little uneasily.

"Well, Miss," said he, nervously, "they—they do say—I—I have rayther a dacent turn that way—once in a while."

He didn't know what was coming. He only felt that if she wanted any swearing done, he'd lay Jem Stokes cold, or never swear again. Her answer nearly took Bat off his feet. She looked at him reproachful-like a minute, and said:

"Mister Reilly, you mustn't do it any more. No good ever comes of it. Do this for me, Mister Reilly. Don't swear any more this cruise."

She held out her hand and Bat took it, not knowing what he did. He tried to say something, once or twice, but he was too astonished to speak.

"Promise me! promise me!" she insisted, smiling, holding tight to his big paw.

She dazed him completely, for after a while he looked at her and replied:

"I—I will, Miss."

"Thank you, Mister Reilly," she said. And Bat came forward, all of a flutter.

It was mighty hard on him, and of course he didn't have much to say, but he kept his word all the way around to New York.

In the afternoon the mate managed to find a steamer down to leeward, and, by four bells of the afternoon watch, we had fresh provisions in the locker for a week.

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Maybe the Thanksgiving dinner we had wasn't a rouser! The Captain got better, and there wasn't any cabin or any fo'c'sle that night. Golden Locks came to each one of us, like the angel she was, smoothing things over and making us all brothers.

Achstein went up aloft and brought down the cook, who had hung, more dead than alive, to the cross-trees, and sent him down to the galley with eight different kinds of things to cook. And he cooked them, too, though the sweet, home-like smell of the biscuit and of fresh beef nearly drove us mad as Stokes had been, before Golden Locks was ready for us. But just as the sun was setting she came out into the gangway, her fair hair tousled in the wind, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and cried, with a laugh that was good to hear:

"Dinner! Come to Thanksgiving dinner!"

You should have seen the men tumble out of the fo'c'sle. They came with a rush. But when they saw her they slowed down and walked aft, jostling each other and trying to get behind masts, boats and rigging, or anything. We were all mighty hungry, but she shamed us all, and we had a sort of reverence for her. The idea of her calling us Mister and letting us sit at the same table with her and the skipper was a little more than we could stand at first. We had never eaten in a ship's cabin, and few of us were likely to do it again. But she got us aft, laughing and coaxing, and all of us but the man at the wheel went into the cabin.

There, for a moment or so, we stood, cap in hand, shifting from one foot to the other, until Golden Locks showed us our seats. The skipper was there, yellow from the sickness and a little uneasy about the discipline. He was at the head of the table, sitting propped up with pillows in a big chair. We sat down in our seats awkwardly enough and looked at all the good things before us.

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There was a beautiful white tablecloth, with knives and forks, and spoons that shone like silver. There were fresh potatoes, onions, biscuits, beef, celery, and, lastly, three sure-enough turkeys, stuffed with bread and nuts, and covered all over with carrots and greens. The skipper brought out some sherry, and Golden Locks broached a pot of jam. We couldn't help being nervous, of course, at first, at the change—the tablecloth, the sherry, the skipper and Golden Locks, but hunger evened things up for us all.

After the ice was broken, I never saw men eat the way we did. The cook and Acosta had their mouths full when they brought the dishes in from the galley. When we got started, Bat Reilly tried several times to say something, but he was at a disadvantage, and nearly choked even as it was. Achstein got mixed up in his English and nobody could understand him. The black cook was grinning from ear to ear most of the time, but he kept on the other side of the table from Jem all through dinner, and showed the whites of his eyes every time that Stokes moved.

"PLEASE GIVE ME THAT PISTOL, MR. STOKES"

Acosta, jabbering like a monkey, brought us in some spaghetti cooked to a turn, and you could see the coolies getting fatter every minute. I was too busy eating and looking at Golden Locks to think of speaking. The skipper lay back in his chair, a smile coming over his face as he watched her. She went around from one to the other of us, with a bright smile here and a word there, and the men just couldn't be coarse or brutal, even in the way they ate—and they were hungry men.

Jem Stokes was the only one who didn't eat much. He just sat there, looking at her most of the time. He only spoke once.

At the end of it all, she asked him:

"Was the dinner good, Mister Stokes?"

"God bless your heart, it was, Missy," he said. "I didn't never have a dinner just the like o' this un, an' I never had no cause for Thanksgivin' nohow. But I'm thankful this night, mates, an' that's truth—so it is."

Two big tears rolled down Golden Locks' cheeks, her eyes glistened—and we knew she was repaid for all she did for us.

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HER TWO BOYS

When She had Dinner on the Railway Train

IT WAS on a Michigan Central train the other day. A tall, fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial; but she, too, once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By-and-by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said:

"Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

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After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded after a few moments.

"They have gone into the dining-car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

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"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No; no excuses."

As they left they met the other couple.

"Hello, John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO KNIGHTS OF THE GRIDIRON

At the Thanksgiving Football Game

By WILLIAM LINDSEY. With Illustrations by B. MARTIN JUSTICE

WE WERE sitting in a little room which Tom Furness called his study. Just why, it would be hard to tell, unless a collection of pipes, hunting trophies, sporting prints, and an entire absence of anything like a book qualified. We were enjoying our last cigars before bed; to-morrow was Thanksgiving, and we were discussing the football game. Now this was, in Tom's mind, a much more important adjunct of the day than a thankful spirit, or even the turkey itself.

"Yes," said Tom, "a battle royal it will be. I wouldn't miss it for a Congressional nomination. In the first place, Marshall and Ross are about the two best 'tackles' that have shown since your humble servant illustrated just how the position should be played." (This last with one of Tom's inimitable chuckles.) "Besides the honor of their colleges, they have the question of personal superiority to settle. And then, again, you see, Brown, there's Madge."

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Now, Miss Madge Willard was Tom's cousin, a stunning girl from California, and though I followed his meaning down to the last clause, enjoying greatly the modest way in which he alluded to his own game, I was a bit puzzled to connect her with the subject under discussion.

"Well, Tom," said I, "what in the world has Madge to do with it? I should hardly think her the girl to care much for football, anyway. She spent half her time at dinner discussing with the Rev. Arthur Jones the difference between Browning's types of love in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the other half was divided between a rather hearty appreciation of her dinner and a decided criticism of the presentation of Tristram and Isolde at the Academy."

"Never you mind Madge," answered Tom, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, and watching it rise with half-closed eyes. "She is like all girls, with two sides to her nature. Indeed, I think I have discovered cases revealing even more than two." This last given with the seriousness of one who has seen much of life, and philosophized deeply on its most difficult problems.

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"The facts are," he continued, "in summer Madge forgets all about books and Browning. She is an out-of-doors girl, who plays tennis and golf, rides a little, and last season spent half her time in the water. Brad Marshall and Malcolm Ross were both at the 'Pier;' the first for the whole summer, and the latter for several weeks. They were hard hit, as well as a dozen others, who found themselves out of the running against such good horses. Perhaps you haven't noticed those brown eyes of hers? Well, they are deadly at any range inside that of a Martini rifle. She treats both men alike in a *bonne camaraderie* sort of way, although Molly says she is perfectly certain that they have as good as offered themselves, and they are enormously polite to each other.

"Do you know, Brown," Tom added, removing his eyes from the ceiling, and looking at me wisely, "this football match on Thanksgiving Day is not between Yale and Princeton, to see which eleven will carry the pigskin over the most yards of mother earth—not at all. It is a joust between Marshall and Ross, to show who is the better man, at least, better in the eyes of the queen of the tourney, pretty Mistress Madge Willard."

"'Twill spoil their game," said I.

"Not a bit," answered Tom; "'twill help Ross, who plays the best defensive game you have ever seen—barring, of course, my own in its palmy days. He lacks aggressiveness, however, and needs a bit more of the old boy in him to do perfect work. Of course Madge is an 'angel without wings,' but she will inspire Ross with just that evil spirit to-morrow. He is one of those light-haired, blue-eyed fellows who wishes well to all the world, and is not quite sure whether he wants himself or the other chap to win. This has spoiled many a good man, as you yourself well know. Ross needs a deal of stirring up to set him going, and this is where Madge will come in again."

"But how about Marshall," I asked; "he is said to possess a useful elbow, and has the reputation of playing as rough a game as possible and keep within the law. Those black eyes of his show signs of temper, too, or they are a libel on their owner."

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"Oh, Marshall will be all right; this is his fourth year; he played another four at Andover before he came to college, and he will simply go the limit. By gad!" said Tom, jumping to his feet, "I'll bet I know why Marshall changed over from left to right side this season; they said it was because the Yale right needed strengthening, but I believe it was simply to bring him up against Malcolm. I wonder if he's made a mistake, for, mark my words, he will find Ross a tough morsel enough, after he gets well waked up."

"Which does Miss Willard favor?" asked I, much interested.

"That's more than I know," answered Tom. "My wife says Madge hasn't made up her mind yet; that she is one of the girls that allow themselves to drift along till they strike the gulf stream, and then there is a sudden and severe thaw. She says that Madge has romantic ideas of a lover, who shall be at one and the same time the strongest, morally, mentally and physically, of all men on earth. This is a common mania at nineteen, very likely to give place to a more moderate ideal a little later, but held to most tenaciously for a time. Molly says that she thinks to-morrow may bring the thaw. She may be right—who knows?"

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"Well, may the best man win," said I, as I threw the end of my cigar away, and started for the door, candle in hand. "Which do you back?"

"I like Ross myself," answered Tom, "but Molly prefers Marshall, who is a stunningly handsome fellow, and has dollars to Malcolm's dimes. A nice girl like Madge is pretty safe to make a mess of it, however, and choose the wrong man, though either of the boys is a good enough match, as men go. Molly wanted to ask them both to dinner to-morrow, but Miss Madge demurred; I don't know why."

"Well, I can see them at the game at any rate," said I, "and it is a very pretty little romance you tell, whether it has any foundation on fact or not."

"There's fact enough, Brown, as you will easily discover to-morrow; it will be a good deal like that stag fight in the picture over the mantel. Landseer didn't need to put a young deer in the picture for you to know that there is one, somewhere near, which will be the reward of the winner of that elegant scrap."

"True enough," answered I, as I said good-night. "The best fighting the world has

THE TACKLE IS LOW, AND THE HAND SLIDES STILL LOWER

ever seen, since Helen of Troy, has been over a pretty woman—God bless them all!"

Thanksgiving Day dawned with a faint tinge of color in the East, a thin, cold mist, and not enough wind to lift the smoke from the chimneys. I awoke from a dream in which Marshall and Ross figured, engaged in deadly combat, armed "cap-à-pie" with helmet and greaves, but their breasts protected only by canvas football jackets, and the lists were, strange to say, marked off with five-yard lines. Miss Madge sat in a high seat as queen of the tourney.

The morning I spent down town with some old friends, and took an early train for the grounds. After the usual experience of the crowded car, the crowded entrance, and the crowded aisle, I at last found my seat by myself, after being shown the wrong row entirely by one of those extremely amiable maniacs—an amateur college usher.

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Our seats were in the centre of the middle section, on the Princeton side, and we could run our eyes straight along the fifty-yard line. On my left was Tom himself, on my right Miss Willard, and beyond her Mrs. Furness, who was looking forward to the experiment of a first game. She was cold and uncomfortable, considered the whole thing a bore, and was in a nervous state over certain painful injuries, if not untimely deaths, which she should be called upon to witness. Her sympathies were decidedly with Yale, on account of an older brother who had once sported the blue, and also, I imagine, because of her liking for Brad Marshall. Neither Tom nor I cared a picayune, so long as we saw a good game, and Miss Willard professed a like disinterestedness in the game.

Facing us across the field was a long blue wave, from which came an occasional roar, like breakers on a stony beach. Before us stretched the gridiron. How peaceful it looked, with its gray turf and brown earth, over which the white chalk lines ran in unbending straightness.

A few policemen were the only living beings yet visible on its surface, and they skirted the sides, and decorated the corners. When one of them stepped on a side line, Mrs. Furness said she felt as if Katrina (her maid) had dropped a piece of china. At this remark, Miss Willard smiled sympathetically, and then, turning to me, asked what would have been a commonplace question from any other lips. I saw she was a bit distrait, and, though she looked at me when she spoke, her big brown eyes had a decidedly far-away expression. I am not sure she heard my answer, although she smiled and nodded, and faced the gridiron again in the attitude of Napoleon at St. Helena, as Tom leaned over and remarked to me, sotto voce.

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She had not the least sign of color about her that could possibly be construed into orange or blue. She told Tom at breakfast, when he suggested a skillful blending of the colors, which should hide all preference, that she should show one color or none at all—a remark that pleased me well. She wore a long gray wrap, with a sable collar that nearly hid her face. As she looked out over the field, all that I could see was a bit of smooth forehead, some long lashes, a nose that declined to turn blue, a small section of a cheek, and a pair of red lips.

Mrs. Furness asked her if she did not feel frozen, and I could easily believe her "not in the least chilly," for she showed no sign of cold, though Tom's teeth were chattering with "excitement," and I could feel the East wind through sweater and thick coat.

In front of us sat a fat man who was making heroic efforts to keep the cold out, and by his side, sure enough, was our friend, the "Know-it-all." This particular specimen was a little chap with big eyeglasses, his hat on the back of his head, and a high ulster collar up to his nose. It did not in the least interfere with his conversation, however, which was, as Tom remarked, "fluent to a fault."

After a concise history of the game, and a short list of its rules, he launched into a description of the two teams and the merits of the individual players. I felt a slight start from Miss Willard as Know-it-all remarked, "I tell you, the weak place is left tackle; Ross is not in the same class with Marshall. In the first place, he has not the weight, strength, nor sufficient experience, and, most of all, he lacks the 'sand.'"

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At this last remark, I noticed that Madge colored, though other sign she gave not.

"You mark my words," continued our instructor (for he talked to the whole section over his friend's head)—"you mark my words, Yale always chooses the weakest place in the line, and hammers and pounds away at it until it breaks, and then she scores all she wants to win. I tell you I have seen her play enough to know that, and don't you forget it. Ross is the weak place, and will get all he wants. He won't stand the gad if it is sharp enough. I'll bet a five-dollar note he quits before the first half is over."

Just then the blue wave in front of us rose up and broke into a perfect roar of cheers, as its team came lumbering on the field with subs, trainers, rubbers, coaches.

They had scarcely begun to limber up when there was another mighty cheer, and we were fairly lifted to our feet as the Princeton team streamed through the gate, and began to pass and fall on the ball, the backs exchanging punts meanwhile. A lot of tigers' whelps they were, with their striped stockings and jerseys. There was now almost more than the eye could follow; umpire, referee and linesmen, the Captains conferring; the reporters, the police, the boys with flags and score cards mixed up in unintelligible confusion. Above it all rang the cheers, "Rah, rah, rah, Yale," sounding like volleys of hot shot.

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Suddenly the little knot of men around the referee and umpire broke up. The gridiron was cleared, as if a broom had been swept over it, of all but the two elevens and the officials. Heavy sweaters were pulled over shaggy heads as the men hastily stripped down to their greasy canvas jackets and stained and soiled jerseys, ready for the fray.

Yale has the ball, and her Captain places it carefully on the line, and his men gather round him a moment as he gives them his last words of instruction. Then they face around with the big centre standing over the ball, and the men form behind him in a wedge of a good ton weight of bone and hard muscle.

In front of them the Princeton linesmen strain on the mark like dogs at a leash, and behind them the backs spread well out to guard against a breakaway.

It is at this moment that the great silence always falls. To-day, even Know-it-all forgets to speak. Most of the spectators discover a temporary valvular affection of the heart, and teeth chatter from excitement like castanets.

It is with a real sigh of relief we see the big centre suddenly stoop, lift the ball, pass it quickly back, and the ponderous wedge starts down the field, with heads low, and shoulders welded together. The Princeton line springs forward as if the leash was broken by the lifted ball, their centre and guards strike the wedge in front, low and hard, while the tackles plunge into the sides as if they would tear it to pieces. The mass totters a moment or so, and then rolls over, having made a few yards' gain.

IT WAS ALL THE SUBS COULD DO TO KEEP HIM OFF THE FIELD

The pile breaks quickly, the men spring to their places, and now, for the first time, we can see our knights, face to face. It hardly looks a fair match. Marshall is a big, ruddy, handsome fellow, with dark eyes and a thick mane of brown hair, his weight is well down, and he makes play with arms and shoulders in a mighty suggestive fashion.

Ross is a bit taller, and not so strongly put together. His shoulders are not so heavy, and his arms and legs look slender in comparison, good man though he is. His face is a little pale, too, and rather thin and drawn, as if training had been to him no pastime. A bandage round his head and forehead does not add to his beauty, but a mighty fine looking lad he really is to one who can tell a good man when he sees him.

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I have never known a "quitter" with a pair of blue eyes like that, with that broad forehead and strong jaw. He may be outclassed, but he will take his beating all right, and not know it without a long explanation and a diagram.

He plays a bit lower than Marshall, and more quietly. Sure enough, our friend was right; the first play is left half-back, through opposing left guard and tackle. As the ball snaps back, I can see Marshall's broad back bend, and his feet bite into the ground; he springs at Ross so savagely that he forces him back just enough to make a beautiful hole through which the back plunges for a good five-yard gain.

"Did you see that?" asked Know-it-all. "What did I tell you? He'll play pussy with him."

The teams line up again. There is a play around the left end with no gain. The centre is bucked for three yards, and then I know well enough where the next play will be, for Marshall is using his arms like a windmill. I think Madge's lip curls a little as Marshall swings his open hand against Ross' face, with a sound that can be heard over the whole field, and receives not the least return.

This is where he makes his little mistake, too, and receives his punishment immediately. The fraction of a second necessary for this last blow gives Malcolm his chance, and, getting well under his opponent's hip, he gives him a half toss, and swings through in time to tackle the big full-back, who is coming for the line like a catapult. Ross comes through so quick and clean that there is a loss of a couple of yards, which gives the ball to Princeton.

"That's more like," remarked Furness to me. "That is the way I used to do in my palmy days."

So fierce is the tackle that the runner is disabled, and does not rise with the others.

"Oh, dear," cried Mrs. Furness, "it's the most dreadful thing I ever saw; do you suppose he is dead, Tom, or has he only broken something?"

Before her fears can be put to rest in any other way, the candidate for the graveyard, having got his wind, jumps briskly to his feet and they are at it once more.

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From this to the end of the first half it is a case of hammer-and-tongs all the way through, and mighty hard it is to say who does the best work. Marshall certainly plays the showier game and has the stronger team behind him, but though they make big gains, they do not find left tackle the weak place in the line by any manner of means.

I kept my eyes on Madge pretty well in every lull of the play, but not a sign could I discover of any preference one way or the other. She knew the game well enough to tell good work as well as I, and applauded in very much the same catholic way.

When the field clears for the second half, and the men line up, we have our particular knights of the gridiron close to us. I notice that Marshall has the same confident look on his face, and even has time to sweep his eyes over the seats and smile up at Miss Willard just before the play. Ross appears to realize there is serious business before him; if he has any question about it, his opponent soon puts all doubts to rest.

In truth, I never saw a more savage attack made within the law. Elbow, arm, shoulder and hand—Malcolm gets them all with considerable diversity, but not much cessation. He takes what comes, however, in the same quiet way, and keeps his eye on the ball, as from the beginning. Even Mrs. Furness notices the rough work, and when Marshall pushes his elbow full in Malcolm's face, in a particularly vicious way, she cries indignantly: "It's a shame; he's a big brute, and I never want to see him again!"

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But Miss Madge defends him with, "He is playing within the rules, and if Malcolm isn't able to take care of himself, he'd better choose tennis or golf."

"What do you think?" asked Tom. "It looks as if the boy is tiring."

"He comes up a bit slow, I think myself," I answered, as I watched him crawl out of the bottom of the pile. "He stopped the last revolving wedge, however, and picked out the runner like an artist."

"He's playing a deuced fine game," suddenly spoke up Know-it-all, very much to our surprise.

On the next play, Ross was called on to run with the ball for almost the first time. The backs were not doing much, and a guard had been tried a few times with no result.

Quick as a flash he leaves his place, but none too quick, for Marshall is close after him, the end not blocking off. With the ball close to his breast, Ross strikes the line, head low, and tears through the guard and tackle; on he pushes, entirely unassisted, the line half missing him, and it seems as if he must have a clear field, barring the full-back. Suddenly, however, Marshall comes up behind, having followed through, and, tackling low, brings his man down as if shot in his tracks. The tackle is low, and the hand slides lower, so that it is as nasty a fall as a man would wish to avoid. Ross strikes on the side of his face and head, lies where he falls for a few seconds, and then staggers to his feet. He has a deep gash over his left eye, from which the blood flows freely, but he has made a good ten yards, and there is a smile of satisfaction on his face.

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His Captain notices that he staggers to his place, and with his shoulder under the boy's arm whispers something to him. I know well enough it is, "Cut out, old man; you're done." But Malcolm does not understand, even if he hears him, and takes his place in the line as before.

Two downs with no gain, a short punt, and then he is on the defensive again.

Yes, I know it, 4-14-11; the play is against Ross. He knows it himself, too, and, crouching low, his right hand on the ground, he waits for it.

Swish goes Marshall's arm against the gashed forehead. The blood runs into Malcolm's eye, but he brushes it away, and brings the runner down with a scant yard gain. Four, fourteen, eleven, came the signal; again Marshall pushes his elbow against the same spot, again the revolving wedge swings round.

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Again Ross plunges through, and the wedge crumbles and falls on him. The men crawl to their feet, as there are only a few more minutes to play, and they are all nearly spent; but Malcolm lies still and makes no effort to stir. There is the usual call for water, but the boy is done, and his feet drag after him as he is carefully carried off to his side line by the subs.

Mrs. Furness was almost in tears; Miss Madge said nothing, although I noticed she held her breath until Malcolm's eyes opened, and he made an effort to get back into the game. The boy was a bit queer, and, when he struggled to his feet, it was all the subs could do to keep him off the field.

A moment later the game was over.

I saw Marshall look up with a smile and wave his hand. We were all on our feet, but Miss Madge did not notice him. She turned to Mrs. Furness, and, with a funny little catch in her voice, said distinctly:

"I want you to ask Malcolm Ross to dinner to-day."

"Why, Madge!" exclaimed Mrs. Furness, breathless with surprise, "how could we get him at this late hour? He could not possibly get ready to come."

"I want you to ask Malcolm Ross to dinner," said Madge again, her lips white, and her eyes dark and liquid. "You, Tom, go and say that I sent for him."

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There was no denying this, and Tom was off like a shot, leaving me to get the ladies home, which I succeeded in doing after a good hour, Miss Madge scarcely speaking at all, and Mrs. Furness almost as quiet.

As I was dressing for dinner, Tom came to my room and told me he had found Ross in the dressing-room at the grounds, stretched full length on a rubbing couch, his face hidden on his arm. He was heartbroken over the defeat, and blamed himself for it all. Brad Marshall was standing in the doorway, accepting congratulations in his easy, matter-of-course way.

It was only after Tom had told Ross that it was Miss Willard's own request, that he prevailed upon him to accept, and even then the boy could not at all understand what it really meant.

Whatever his doubts may have been, they must have been set at rest at the dinner table, for when Tom bent his head over the festive board to ask a blessing, I was not too reverent to look to the end of the table, where I distinctly saw our "Lady of the Eyes" put her hand in Malcolm's, under the table, in a perfectly shameless fashion.

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The Revelations of Sympathy

THE great interpreter of life, the great revealer of character, the power by which all seeming contradictions are made clear to us, is sympathy. Sympathy is but analysis blended with kindness and a desire for perfect justice. Sympathy in its highest development is a wondrous sixth sense added to our powers.

By sympathy we live not one narrow life in one body, but a part life in every life around us—every man with whom we come in contact is then living part of our life and we of his. The secret of sympathy is unselfishness; the basis of sympathy is the belief that all men have within them the same elements.

All men must have within them the same moral elements, and characters differ only in the varying degrees of development of those elements and in their relative strength. This is not a view of character that is flattering to our self-love; there are so many qualities we look upon with loathing in others, and in our pride we say, "There is not an atom of such a spirit in me." Let us see. When we see a noble deed, the self sacrifice of one boldly stepping forward to assume the punishment of another, we glory in that character and feel a kinship with it—a mighty power within us capable for the time of almost equal heroism!

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As we read of some strong struggle against trial and disappointment through faith in the right, our faith is quickened and strengthened. The knowledge of some unselfish, generous deed of another is a mighty stimulus to us, that brings all the generosity within us focussed and ready for expression in action. We readily acknowledge that all good finds a response in us, that every good echoes the same element within us—faint, perhaps, but still the same.

It is not so easy to acknowledge that evil elements in others find any home in our character. It may be that with us they are latent through all these years, they have never been called forth; or in us they are manifest in a weak form, and it is only by analysis that we see they are the same.

He who commits murder through a spirit of jealousy is only carrying out and wonderfully increasing and intensifying a phase of character within us that may manifest itself in us, perhaps, but once or twice in a lifetime, in a jealous look or turn of the head. He who is dishonest and untruthful is merely expressing in an intense form a spirit that may show itself in us, only in most delicate and seemingly harmless forms in the "white lies" of society or petty, yet false, phrases which are said merely to please.

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If sympathy be developed, we almost instantly find the keynote of the minds of those around us, their strength and their needs, the one chord in their character that most strongly vibrates in ours; this will help us to understand better the whole life and character of those nearest to us, and enable us sympathetically to look into motives and aims before pronouncing final judgment.

Youth in its supreme moments longs to accomplish something great in life; in its highest exaltation, seeing the sin and misery of life, it longs for wealth, power, and influence to benefit humanity on a large scale. But in our hands is the golden key of sympathy that opens for us wondrous possibilities we pass over now in blindness and unknowing.

Sympathy is the power of entering into the feelings of others; seeing them in all their complexity, resolving them into all their simplicity; seeing how often an act tears itself away from a motive, or is made visible to us in a way not intended, not just to the motive.

Sometimes we condemn a character when it is really the mind of the doer that is not developed, that has not properly expressed the character—this is where the intent or motive is better than the act—the act seems to us wrong, and we judge the character by it. The failure was not in that man's character; it was in his mind, that did not properly reveal his character to us. Some blundering expression of regret at a loss of ours, some dear one who has passed away, may in the rough, blunt expression seem almost cruel, seem almost forced, almost untrue. It seems as if an irreverent hand were turning over our dearest heart-treasures; those words, perhaps, meant to comfort, rouse in us every latent feeling of rebellion, anger and despair.

As we bend over a little casket that buries a dear child—a bright little one in whom we have placed all our hopes—in this moment we would gladly give up all wealth, joy, friends, family, every hope, everything in life, even life itself, to see for a moment the light come back to those darkened eyes; to see the little lips, now thin and pale, curl again into a smile for us; to feel the warm pressure of those dear little arms again around our neck, and the sweet baby face touching our own, as it never did to any one else, because it was ours, and we were supreme. Dry-eyed, we gaze at it, and see not the crowd of friends at our side. Some one says to us, in a voice that looms loud, shrill, and almost harsh as it wakens us to nervous realization, "Bear up, now; don't make yourself sick. It is all for the best."

Oh, this cruel, cruel pity! "All for the best!" Is this a time when we can feel this; is this a moment when we can feel that, in the wondrous plan of the universe, good may come even from this? No; now the sorrow is too crushing to admit of any consolation. Here, true sympathy would show itself in a moment's pressure of the hand, in eyes filled with tears, and a silence that knows no words can console, and the recognition that the only help is the silent stimulation of knowing that some one suffers with us.

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Sympathy, too, enables us to feel with others their pleasures, their great hopes, their mighty longings. This is a phase of sympathy that seems to be passed over in life as of no consequence. But there is as much hunger for sympathy, for human companionship in joy as in sorrow. Sorrow, even by the terrible force of the blow after the first great pain is past, seems to concentrate all the manhood within us to resist it, or it brings with it a numbness and stupefaction that leave us hardly conscious of the pain. But joy is diffusive; it needs sympathy—some one to feel the pleasure with us. It is said that no one can sympathize with another until he has suffered the same pain, or lived the same joy, for himself. It is not necessary to experience the pain: we only need the capacity of experiencing it. Johann Strauss recently said that, though his family have written dance music for three generations, and set the feet of millions waltzing, no one of the Strausses could dance a step.

If we have true sympathy—that is, if we have trained head and heart to grow together—there is no human feeling, no longing, no passion, no hope, no loss, no motives that we should not fully comprehend when it is presented to us.

Sometimes in the moments of our fullest confidence we are suddenly conscious that we are not understood, that our feeling is not fully entered into. We may even hear, perhaps, the words: "Well, really, I cannot understand at all how you can feel so." If sympathy were perfectly developed there would be perfect understanding; but sympathy in its perfection is rare, because it requires so complete an unselfishness educated to deep analysis. If we were fairy harps, with the magic power of instantly putting ourselves at will in the same key with any other, we would find a fair type of sympathy.

—The Editor.

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Giving Thanks in Cash

THE European recognizes but two classes of Americans—those who stay at home to make money and those who go abroad to spend it.

In the past, we have bitterly resented the imputation that we lacked some finer sense which our critics had, but nowadays, when we are progressing steadily toward the easy self-confidence which comes with increased power, wealth and knowledge, we are calmer under criticism. None the less, we are not wholly indifferent to the still-repeated charge that we are a purely material people, whose sole medium of expression, as of exchange, is the dollar—that we ask Genius, Virtue and Heroism for their little bills, pay them spot cash, and regard the obligation as discharged in full. We have no Academy of Immortals, no Legion of Honor, no Iron Cross, no order of Knighthood with which to reward those services which cannot be bought.

When some switchman's daughter rushes across a burning trestle and saves the lives of the President and a train-load of politicians who are engaged in that peculiarly American pursuit known as "swinging around the circle," we can only pass the hat in our coarse, commercial way, and reward her with a few hundreds and a life position in one of the departments. When our soldiers and sailors fight bravely for the country, a special vote of thanks by a Congress of farmers, and lawyers, and merchants, and an increase in pay and position, are our sole means of showing our gratitude.

True, the recipients of our favor have never complained of the method; but our critics have pointed out its coarseness, and made us half wish that some other way of doing the thing were possible for us. So when we have read that Queen Victoria had personally thanked the coachman who had stopped her runaway horses, and made him a proud man for life; that she had presented the widow of an Anglo-Indian General with a cashmere shawl; that she had favored the ambitious mother of triplets with a personal call, and given each of the lusty youngsters a lucky sovereign; or that she had pinned the Victoria Cross on the breast of some soldier who had done well for England, we have half regretted that our Constitution makes no provision for sentiment of this sort. Yet Victoria Crosses have turned up in pawnshops, and Anglo-Indian widows and thrice-blessed mothers have turned up their noses in private at the honor done them.

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And now comes a case which makes us wonder whether human nature may not be the same on both sides of the Atlantic; whether thanks without cash, or cash without thanks, may not alike be insufficient. The widow of an engineer, who lost his life recently while running the Royal train, has asked Queen Victoria for bread and been given a stone—that is to say, a tombstone. To quote from a paragraph which is making the rounds of the Scotch journals:

> "In regard to the paragraph in your paper of the 27th, The Queen's Generosity, allow me to state that it is untrue. Her Majesty generously erected a tombstone over the grave of my husband, but did not otherwise assist me."

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Mrs. Fenwick, the widow in question, of course does not mean to deny that the Queen is generous, but simply to state that her generosity took shape in a tombstone. Yet one gathers from her letter that the outward love of the European for the airy nothings of sentiment has not dulled his inward appreciation of more substantial somethings, nor made him satisfied with one without the other.

Grace before meat is an excellent thing, but it is not in human nature to be satisfied with grace alone. Your average man would rather sit down to a mumbled word of thanks and turkey, than to a blessing by a Bishop and a meagrely spread board. The real difference between us and European peoples is simply one of degree, not of kind. We are a nation of merchants; they are nations of shopkeepers. We may be deficient in the pretty forms and trappings of sentiment, but if our thanks are gruffer and accompanied with cash, they are as hearty as theirs; and our memories are as long, even if we have no Westminster, no Pantheon, to assist them.

A dollar-getting, dollar-spending people we are, no doubt; but American eagles, exchanged into pounds, francs or marks, seem to lose none of their attractiveness.

—George Horace Lorimer.

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Rudyard Kipling's Truce of the Bear

THE day when a poet's rhymes can set the world to talking has not passed—if only the poet be brilliant. With such world-wide audience as no other master ever had, contemporaneous to himself, Mr. Kipling strikes his lyre, and at his suggestion the world dances, or folds its hands in prayer, or smiles or shudders at the picture which he paints of its own prayerful attitude.

The opportunity is immense, and it is little wonder that a man who found that, with his verse, he could sway a world, and turn a mighty nation from jubilation to sudden prayer and introspection, should make the trial again in lines that are of scarcely concealed political intent. So The Truce of the Bear, Mr. Kipling's latest poem, is widely recognized as an answer to the peace proposal of the Czar.

As the Recessional was a hymn written for a Christian people, so The Truce of the Bear is a song written for the same people; but this time it is a battle song. The ambition was enormous; the task daring; the success splendid.

A single man, without authority or official position, undertook to write the answer of the Kingdom and Empire of Great Britain to a State proposal of the Czar of all the Russias, and he dared to express the answer in rhyme. The step from a sublime trial to a ridiculous performance was a dangerously short one; but genius saved him, and in verse strong, fearless, mighty in simplicity, and manly in every syllable, the answer rings out with a martial blast that calls the voices of millions to its refrain, making the reply, after all, sublime. There has been rarely in history a more spectacular triumph of democratic individualism. A nation called to the nations, and a singer, daring to answer, has set half the world atune, with a parable of the chase.

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The art which concealed art in the Recessional appears again in The Truce of the Bear, and the reader recognizes in the rugged, masterful swing of the lines notable workmanship. The poem is stamped with greatness from the first line to the last. There is the sustained strength and the seeming ease which are interpreted to mean reserved power, so that there is no difficulty in classifying the verse. We have, then, in the Recessional and The Truce of the Bear two poems which demand comparison by their very greatness.

It has been an old saying that a religious thought is an essential to a great poem. Greek gods stalk through Homer, the visions of Dante and of Milton have religious bias, and Goethe tells in Faust of the sale of a soul. The Recessional was itself a prayer. The defiant answer to the Czar's proposal is a sneer at a supplication. The challenge is clearly marked. Kipling has challenged his own success, and the difference between the poems is plainly ethical. One is all humility; one is daring. One is communion of man with God, the other of man with man; one expresses a divine attitude, the other extols the white man's rifle. Each is successful, but the success of the latter is distinctly human.

The poet was called of old a seer. The quality accredited to him by such a name would be Mr. Kipling's defense for assuming to indite a State paper or voice the prayer hidden in a nation's heart. There are political reasons which may make this Truce of the Bear good advice to follow; but the right by which a poet speaks has been ever held to come from that divine breath in harmony with the higher man.

In the Recessional the heights of poesy were thus reached; in The Truce of the Bear there is as perfect human workmanship, but there is evidence that with these lines there is only a man speaking to men, in the circumstance that the poem must bear a date, that judged in the long perspective of history it will fail to transcend the occasion.

—Charles M. Robinson.

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Why Football is Popular

THESE are the days when history is making on the gridiron. By the end of November, 1898, a new list of football heroes will have been published throughout the length and breadth of the land, to inspire the oncoming youths and help them make a choice among the universities that have won chief honors in the game that, more than any other, brings distinction in athletics.

Scholarship and class-day honors pale before the prowess of a half-back who has made the only touch-down in a hard-fought championship football battle, and the men of the team are remembered when the valedictorian and the class poet have had their day and taken their places among the rank and file of those accepted merely as college men.

The fact is, we all admire physical bravery; and the capacity to give and take hard knocks, which belongs to a successful football player, is usually associated with many of the qualities that would enable men to lead a charge up San Juan Hill or guide the Merrimac into Santiago Harbor.

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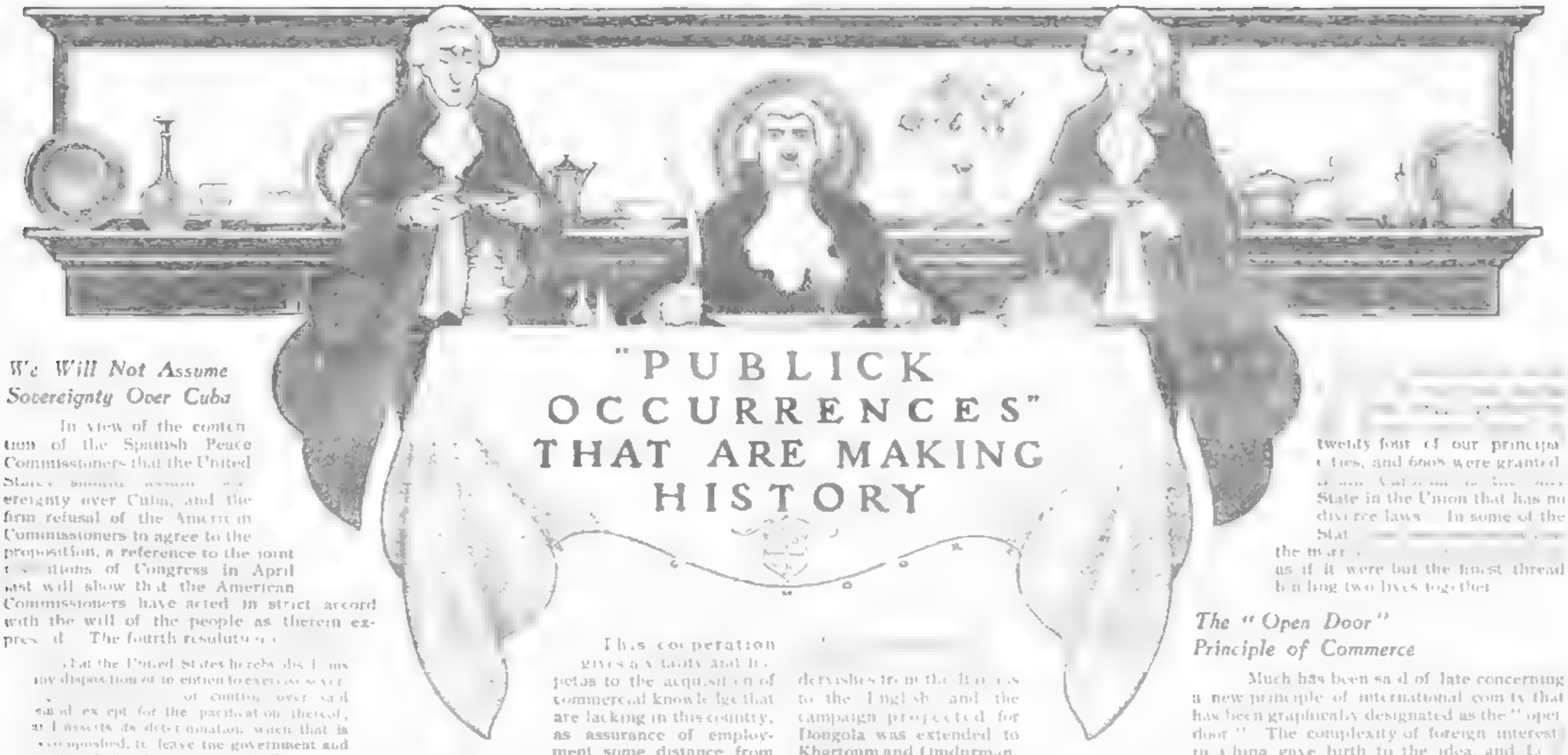
It is the moral aspect of the game that makes it what it is, and thrills the thousands who cheer themselves hoarse over a brilliant play, or applaud the plucky ignoring of painful injuries by individual players. Absolute fearlessness and a determination to do or die are *sine qua non* of a man who aspires to a place in or behind the line of his college eleven. This phase of the game has always been an appealing one. It has been remarked that this sort of thing was something fine, and ought to yield the most valuable results in the way of developing those elements of a vigorous and manly character, so essential in the more serious work that comes after college days are over.

And yet how rarely do we hear, in after years, of the football men attaining any special distinction in the callings for which a college education is supposed to qualify men. It is easy to recall a dozen names of men famous for a long run, or for line bucking that was always good for five yards; but to point to half that number who have attained any marked place in the professions or in business is not so easy.

No one who has ever seen a big game, however, can have failed to be impressed with the inspirational effect; and the fine spirit of cooperation and college loyalty that are a part of the competition are things not to be lightly estimated.

—James B. Carrington.



"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

We Will Not Assume Sovereignty Over Cuba

In view of the contention of the Spanish Peace Commissioners that the United States assume sovereignty over Cuba, and the firm refusal of the American Commissioners to agree to the proposition, a reference to the joint resolutions of Congress in April last will show that the American Commissioners have acted in strict accord with the will of the people as therein expressed. The fourth resolution was

> "That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Such was our declaration before the war, and despite the charges that we were secretly conniving for the permanent control of the island, we have not swerved from it. We demanded that Spain should relinquish sovereignty over the island, and that we would hold it till it was pacified. Till that is done, and the island is turned over to its people, the question of sovereignty remains in abeyance. Under our pledges we will hold the island in trust till that time.

England and France at Odds Over Fashoda

France has found in the Fashoda incident a means of diverting public interest from the iniquities of the General Staff of the Army, the scandals of the Dreyfus court-martial, and the great labor strikes in Paris. Great Britain has declared that France has no political rights in Fashoda or its vicinity, as the entire territory is now a component part of British and Egyptian conquest. She is willing that France should freely develop her interests in the west of Africa, providing she keeps her hands off the British scheme for the eastern part.

While Great Britain is firm in her contention, France makes a show of resistance, despite Russian warning, and has undertaken costly naval preparations for a conflict. In the face of the official declaration that Major Marchand's expedition was destitute of political significance, and was only a geographical undertaking, it is not at all likely that France will allow the incident to go beyond the bounds of a political diversion.

Beginning a New Volume of Porto Rican History

The preface to the American history of Porto Rico was completed on October 18, when General Brooke took formal possession of the island and raised the Stars and Stripes in San Juan, its capital city. The joint military Commissioners of the United States and Spain arranged and executed the details of the evacuation under the terms of the protocol without any friction.

More than this, the situation of the two sets of Commissioners was paradoxical from the start. The American Commissioners, representing a victorious enemy and alien institutions, were received with the most friendly and hospitable demonstrations, while their Spanish associates, who represented the vanquished foe, were forced to realize that the entire population had suddenly become hostile to them. This situation was the secret of the prompt evacuation.

Educating Young Men for Commercial Pursuits

Attention has been called in the Post to the popularity and practical usefulness of the new systems of commercial education in Germany, and to the marked differences between them and the best similar ones in the United States. It is now to be noted that the London School Board has adopted the scheme under conditions equally applicable to all large American cities.

The School Board and the Chamber of Commerce entered into a partnership, under which the former agreed to establish evening commercial schools with a special curriculum sanctioned by the latter, and the members of the Chamber pledged themselves to give the preference for clerkships in their offices to graduates of these schools.

This co-operation gives a body and impetus to the acquisition of commercial knowledge that are lacking in this country, as assurance of employment some distance from the bottom of the ladder is certainly a powerful incentive. The new systems guarantee the speediest selection of young men best fitted by nature to bear the burdens of the commercial interests of the future.

No Link Missing in Man's Descent

At the recent meeting of the Cambridge Congress of Zoology, Professor Haeckel read a paper on the present knowledge of the descent of man, which opens the door to a further discussion of Mr. Darwin's famous theory. In substance, the Professor declared that science had established the absolute certainty that man has descended through various connected stages of evolution from the lowest form of animal life.

That all mammalia have originated from one common parent form is no longer a vague hypothesis. He asserted the most important fact in the present stage of investigation to be that man is a primate, and that all primates have descended from one common stem. This is [illegible] rupted evolution, and, therefore, brushes aside the theory of a "missing link."

American School Children Building a Monument to Lafayette

In nearly all of the public schools in the United States the children have simultaneously joined in special exercises in celebration of the virtues of the Marquis de Lafayette and of his distinguished services to this country. These exercises were the initiative of a movement having for its object the presentation to the French people, on July 4, 1900, of a monument to Lafayette, to be placed over his grave in the cemetery of the Petit Picpus Convent, in Paris. The monument will cost $250,000 and it is expected that the full amount will be raised by our public school children by five and ten cent contributions among themselves.

Great Britain's Interests in the Soudan

Surprise has been excited in diplomatic circles by Lord Salisbury's contention that the Soudan is the joint conquest of England and Egypt, when only three years ago the Rosebery Government treated it as an Egyptian Empire. Some of the events of this intervening period must have been overlooked and particularly those touching the immediate interests of Great Britain in the disputed region.

After the revolt of [illegible] M.D.h. in 1882-1885, the English [illegible] Zeidab and Berbera, the Italians Massowah, and the Egyptians the northern part of the province of Dongola. In 1896 the Italians were forced to yield their two years' possession of Kassala; the dervishes under the Khalifa, the successor of El Mahdi, undertook to reoccupy the town; and an Anglo-Egyptian expedition was organized to aid the Italians in retaking and holding the place. This was done, and the dervishes from the Red Sea to the English and the campaign projected for Dongola was extended to Khartoum and Omdurman. When Egypt was prevented from taking £3,500,000 from her reserve fund for the expedition, Great Britain provided that amount and more; and the Anglo-Egyptian extension of all of [illegible] s was to the

[illegible] and never have completed the dervishes. Though nominally dependent on Turkey, she has been governed practically by Great Britain since the latter subdued Arabi Pasha's rebellion, in 1883.

Creton Christians Released From Turkish Tyranny

Under the relentless pressure of Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy the Sultan assented to an autonomous government for the Island of Crete and to an unconditional evacuation by the Ottoman troops. The Sultan vainly sought such a modification of the ultimatum as would enable him to hold three fortified places, on the plea of a desire to protect the Mahometans who remained, and to defend [illegible] escape the thraldom of Turkey precipitated the war between that country and Greece last year, which resulted so disastrously for the latter. The Christians had appealed to the Greeks for aid, but Greece felt itself unable to interfere. The Christians then appealed to the Great Powers and pending action, an attack by the Mussulmans led Greece to declare that she would forcibly intervene. Turkey appealed to the Powers to restrain Greece, and war soon followed.

Since the beginning of February, 1897, Crete has been under the protection of foreign navies. The recent occurrences which led up to the Turkish evacuation have been noted in a previous issue of the Post.

Another Plea for Uniform Divorce Laws

The complexity of the laws governing marriage and divorce in the United States, and the startling abuses that are possible under them, have again been brought before the public by a movement in the Protestant Episcopal Church, looking to the enactment by Congress of a code of laws having uniform application throughout the country. At present there is absolutely no uniformity between the laws of the various States, and such laws as do exist are the result of legislation by each State. The grounds of divorce differ radically in each State, and many States do not recognize a decree of divorce which is granted in another.

Against the theory often quoted in this connection, that Congress has no constitutional right to legislate on matters of purely State concern, it is now set up the act of Congress establishing uniform laws on bankruptcy. It is held by constitutional lawyers and leading legal authorities that the matter of State legislation in cases of divorce and bankruptcy is the same in the eyes of the law, and that what was right in the case of bankruptcy would be equally right in the case of divorce.

twenty four of our principal cities, and 600 were granted [illegible] State in the Union that has no divorce laws. In some of the States [illegible] the marriage [illegible] as if it were but the finest thread binding two lives together.

The "Open Door" Principle of Commerce

Much has been said of late concerning a new principle of international comity that has been graphically designated as the "open door." The complexity of foreign interests in China gave birth to the idea, and Lord Salisbury is credited with being its godfather.

In brief, the principle declares that if foreign nations secure large spheres of influence in another country they shall not use their power to interfere with the trade of each other or of other nations that have not secured such local influence, but that each and all shall have equal rights and opportunities for commercial dealings.

Ordinarily these rights are accorded in treaties, and to [illegible] equality it has become the custom in entering into treaties of friendship and commerce to mutually insist on a [illegible] privileges previously granted to any "most favored nation." Heretofore, the possibility of half a dozen or more nations becoming squatters on the territory of another by force was not considered, and the present "open door" principle is a development of the condition to which China has [illegible].

Spain Endeavors to Force Cuba's Debt on U's

Judge Day, Chairman of the American Peace Commissioners, hit the nail squarely on the head when he declared to the Spanish Commissioners that their injection of the question of American sovereignty in the peace negotiations was merely a [illegible] delay. Spain has sought delay in the [illegible] functions of sovereignty, which means, in this particular case, the payment of Cuba's

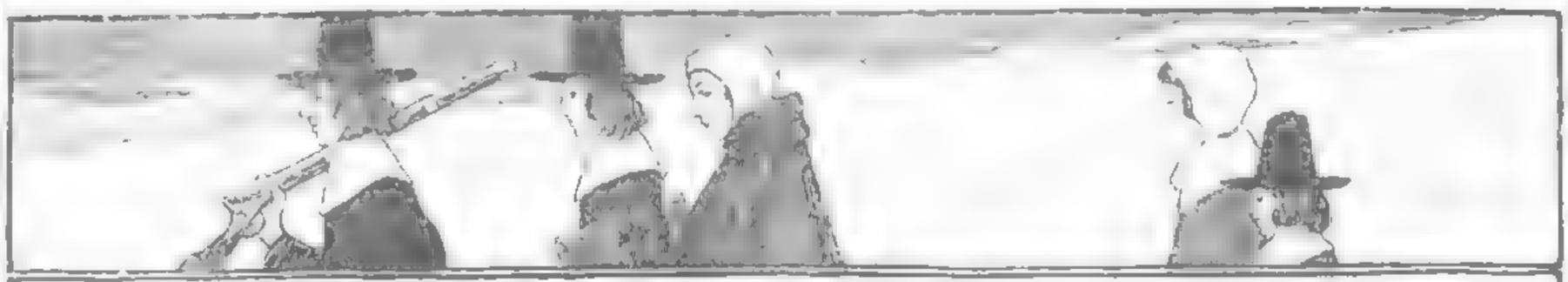
The course of procedure of the joint Peace Commissioners is very clear. The protocol settled the status of Cuba: "relinquish all claim of sovereignty," and "shall be immediately evacuated." All that remains to be done is to carry out the third and fifth articles which fully provide for determining "the control, disposition and government of the Philippines," and for negotiating [illegible] cluding a treaty of peace. All other matters are really beyond the power of the Peace Commissioners to consider.

So far, the Peace Commission has been working entirely within its powers. It is conducting the negotiations with dispatch but not with undue haste. Wherein the demands of Spain have been within reason they have been respected and granted. The Commission is doing most creditable work.

Nearly a Million People Without a Country

When the United States took formal possession of Porto Rico, under the terms of the protocol, it brought part way into the American family about 800,000 people. It is a curious emergency that while everything personal and material on the island now belongs to us the people are without a country in that they have no civil nor political rights. They are no longer citizens of Spain, nor have they had American citizenship conferred on them.

It is usually the custom, where people are transferred from one country to another, as a result of war, to bestow citizenship in the treaty of peace. Porto Rico, however, came to us as a demand, and not by action of a treaty. As yet there are no means on the island for swearing the people into allegiance or citizenship. Unless it should be held that the transfer of citizenship was coincident with that of the soil, recourse will probably be had to a special act of Congress which will make the Porto Ricans full-fledged American citizens.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING SERMON

PRAISES

Bespoke for the God of Heaven, in a Thanksgiving Sermon

By COTTON MATHER

It is Written in *Isai.* XII. 5.

the Lord, for He hath done Excellent Things; This is Known in all the Earth.

Our Blessed Saviour, being to Preach upon a *Text*, fetcht out of *that* very Book from whence we have now taken one, began His Holy Sermon with saying *This Day is this Scripture fulfilled in your Ears.* It is by an unhappy Encounter of *God's Mercies* and *your Desires* that upon the Reading of the *Text* now before us, I may in like manner, *close the Book* and say, *This Day is this Text fulfilled amongst us.* Truly tis *known* abroad, that our God *has done excellent things*; and for this cause we are with no less *Grounded* than *Solemn* THANKSGIVINGS endeavoring to *Sing unto the Lord*, behold a *Word of the day in its day* here provided for you! May our further *considering* and *understanding* of the *Text*, but promote our fuller *Conformity* thereunto, and more exactly imprint the shapes of this Heavenly *Mould* upon us.

•

In the Words to be now Handled, we have two Things

First, The *Doings* of God are here mentioned. It is said, *He hath done Excellent Things*: or as the Original imports, *Great Things* and *High Things*: or as it may likewise be rendred *Magnificent*, and *Illustrious Things*.

Secondly, The *Duties* of men are [illegible] to do [illegible]

First, We are to *sing* the Praises of God. It is here said, *Sing unto* [illegible] sion in the Holy style, as to signifie, not only an *exactness*, but also an *instrument* used in the *Song*. We are with a *Sacred Musick* to [illegible]fie the God, who is *worthy* [illegible]

•

Secondly, We are to *spread* the Praises of God. It is here said, *This is known in all the Earth*; but the version which is by some chosen [illegible]ther is, *Let this be known* [illegible]*e Earth*. We should not [illegible] *publish*, and excite *all the Latins* to take notice of what *Wonders* have been done by Him who is *fearful in Praises*. [illegible] talned with us, is,

That it should be our study to SING and SPREAD the Praises Due to the Eternal God, for the [illegible] Things which Are done by Him in the World.

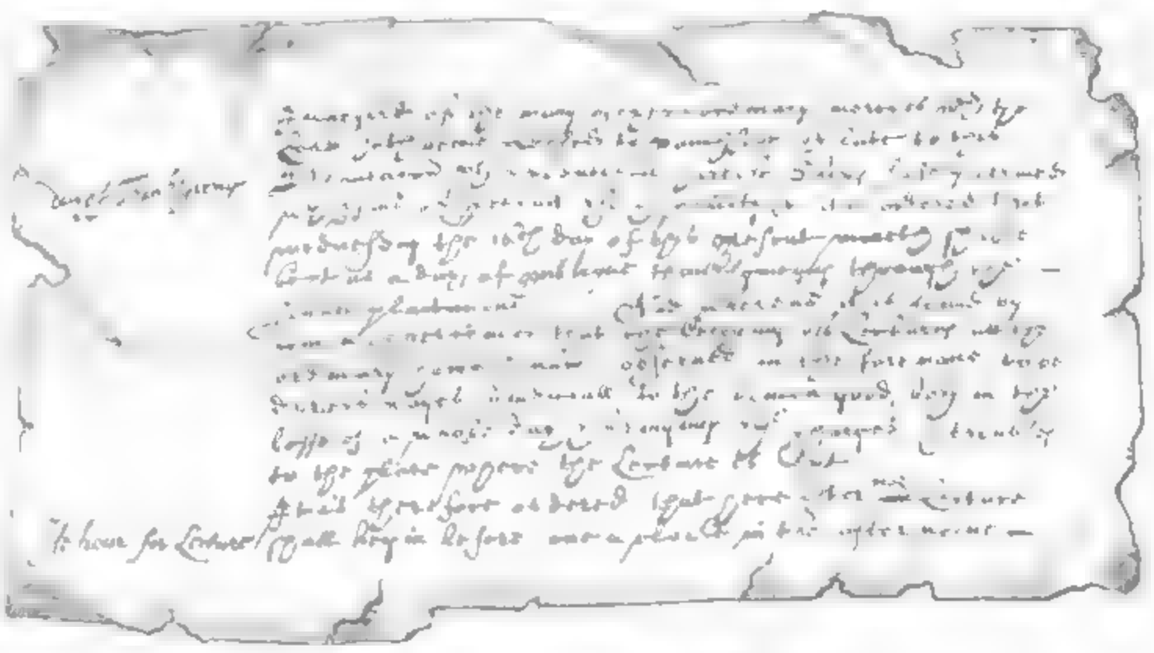
It is an *excellent thing* indeed, that we may have *a Day of Thanksgiving*, while the World is in so much [illegible] where *Men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things* [illegible] pains, that this Day be not lost, or that it may not evaporate in a few sensual satisfactions. The *Excellent things* done by God are now to be the Repast of our Souls.

Days of Thanksgiving as they are among the most *Heavenly*, so they will be among the most *prosperous* of all our Devotions. There are Pious Men that will now and then, in secret places, keep their *Days of Thanksgiving* before the Lord; living out whole *Days* in *praising* of the Great God for what He is, and what He does, and [illegible]n.

What they [illegible] *do for God* And I'll assure you, such persons ripen for Heaven apace, yea they live in *Heaven upon Earth.*

But as for [illegible] *Thanksgi* observed in the Assemblies of good men, all men have seen

COTTON MATHER



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING IS A [illegible]

[illegible] the Lord hath been pleased to vouchsafe of late to this plantacon, [illegible] a plentifull harvest, ships safely arrived wth peons of spetiall vse & quality etc, it is ordered, that Wednesday the [illegible] day of publique Thanksgiving through the seuall plantacons. And whereas it is found by comon experience that the keeping of lectures on the ordinary howres [illegible] in the [illegible] corn good, both in the losse of a whole day and bringing other charges & troubles to the place where the lecture is kept, it is therefore ordered that hereafter noe lecture shall be vp before one [illegible]

Note—This order was passed at "A Court, holden at Boston, Octobr 12th 1633."

perity has more visibly followed *Thanksgivings* than upon its [illegible] as in times both of *War* and of *Sickness*, has been more than once perceived. [illegible] *22. When they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against* [illegible] high praises be to our God, that we may have a Day to celebrate His *praises*. But that our praises may be awakened, and that no man may make a *far* in our *Harmony*.

Consider how *Reasonable* these praises are for us all.

O consider with our selves, *Who is God?* it is He that *Humbles Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven.* Consider, *Who is Man?* a poor *Worm*, yea, a cursed *Viper*. Now that this GOD should look upon this man! Lord, *What is man that thou shouldest be mindful of him?* Yet the Eternal God has been doing of *Excellent things*, which *we* not only behold, but also *enjoy*. There is not one of us all who has not *excellent things* to be this Day *praising* the Almighty for. They whose case is never so bad, yet have cause to carry on this *Day of Thanksgiving* with us, in that it is no worse.

•

I suppose by this time, we have generally got our *Hallelujahs* ready; but you call for a Catalogue of those *Excellent Things*, which they are to be fixed on. 'Tis a *Feast* that you are this Day to be treated at; and before you go out of these Doors, a [illegible] *Feast* you shall have. I shall set before you [illegible] of some *Excellent Things*, [illegible] as a *Feast* for your *praises*; and believe me, though your *praises* had (and O that they *may have!*) no less than an *Eternity* to be *Feeding* [illegible] they [illegible] be glutted, never cloyed.

First, The *Excellent Things* done by [illegible] Works CREATION, [illegible] for our *Praises*.

There are above six Thousand *Plants* growing on that little Spot of the World, which we Tread upon; and yet a Learned Man, has more than once, found *One* Vegetable enough to make a Subject for a *Treatise* on it. What might then be said upon the Hundred and fifty *Quadrupeds*, the Hundred and fifty *Volatils*, the five and Twenty *Reptiles*, besides the vast multitudes of *Aquatils*, added unto the rich variety of *Gems* and *Minerals*, in our World? Our own *Bodies* are, to use the Phrase of the Psalmist, *So Fearfully and Wonderfully made*, that one of the Ancient Heathen at the sight thereof, could not forbear breaking forth into an *Hymn* unto the *praise* of the great Creator;

•

Secondly, The *Excellent Things* done by God, in the works of REDEMPTION call for our *Praises*.

O strain the utmost of your Capacities, *to shew forth the praises of Him, who has called you out of Darkness into his Marvelous Light*; Come, SING *unto the Lord, because He has done Excellent* Things in the Recovering of Lost Man to an Intimate and Eternal Fellowship with Himself.

Thirdly, The *Excellent things* done by God in the *Government* of the World, call upon us to *praise* His blessed Name for ever. The continual *providence* of God, is disposing of all things in an *Excellent* subordination to His own *praise*; the *Wheels* of providence are not carried on *caeco impetu*, but are *full of eyes*.

My arrival to this part of our Discourse puts me into a capacity to give you some Recapitulations of the *Excellent things* which this Day of THANKSGIVING is more particularly designed for.

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My *Brethren*, there are *Excellent things* which our God has of late been doing in the [illegible] World. He that [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] through all the four *parts* of the Earth, has given the *English* Nation lately to see those Revolutions which the Histories of all Ages can hardly parallel. And now let us this Day *sing unto the Lord for He hath done excellent things.*

I. The Late *Revolutions* in the Land of our Fore-Fathers Graves, afford unto us a sight of *Excellent Things* which ought to be had in *Everlasting Remembrance*

And here,

The first and great and most comprehensive matter of our *Praises* is, **The happy accession of Their Majesties,** [illegible] **to the throne of the Three Kingdoms.**

This was a Thing in all the parts of [illegible] say, *This is the Lord's Doing, and it is Marvelous in our Eyes!* It made a [illegible] that in the former Century

But there is a further matter for our *Praise* [illegible] and we that are a Countrey of *Nonconformists*, may not pass it by unmentioned

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It is, **the Repeal of those Laws, which the Protestant Dissenters were long Harassed with.**

It [illegible] that those whose *Consciences* did not allow them to

worship God, in some Ways and Modes then by *Law Established*, were not many years ago, *Persecuted* with a violence, to be abhorred by all sober Men. It is well-known that *Five and Twenty Hundred* Faithful Ministers of the Gospel, were Silenced in one **BLACK** Day, because they could not comply with some things, by themselves justly counted *Sinful*, but by the Imposers confess'd *Indifferent*.

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Remember, O *New-England*, how often that cry then went up to the Lord, *Return we beseech thee, O God of Hosts! look down from Heaven and visit this Vine;* And now, behold, He is *Returned*. Our Adversaries are *what* and *where* they are; and we see so far *Our Judges as at the first, and our Councellors at the Beginning*.

And there are several *Excellent Things*, that have been done for us by our God while He has been effecting of our Deliverance.

We have cause to *Praise* the God of Heaven, That in the Tumult of our Action, there was not the loss of a Drop of *Blood*, nor such *Plunder* and *Outrage* as would have been a Disgrace to our Profession.

We have cause to *Praise* Him, that our Sovereign has Declared, *He took very well what we had done for Him, and for our selves in the Revolution.*

We have cause to *Praise* Him, that we have been *so* comfortably carried through the Difficulties of a whole *Summer*, while we could not say *That any Law was of any Force with us.* Every Week erected a new *Ebenezer* for us!

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We have cause to *praise* Him, for putting it into the Heart of a Person, well known unto you all, to take a *Voyage* into *England*, just before the late Overturnings there: on purpose to be in the way of those Opportunities, which his Faith was that he should have, to serve the Churches of the Lord Jesus here; by which means, (as our Friends there assure us) it is that we have been preserved from being *totally udome*.

We have cause to *praise* Him, for giving a check to those *Indian Blood-Hounds*, which have been worrying of us in the *East;* who having destroy'd several *Plantations*, met with no *full stop*, till they assaulted the first Place where a *Gospel Ministry* was maintained; but there they found such a Bar in their Carrier, that we now hear no more of them.

And may I not say it? We have cause to *Praise* the Glorious God, for some *Excellent Things*, which as yet we know not of. We gave *Imperfect*, but (with many) *probable* Accounts of a Deliverance from a *French* Force, that the possession of this Territory, would have been a valuable Thing unto.

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But this is indubitable. *If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side, may New-England now say, they had swallowed us up quick: Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their Teeth.*

O come, and *Sing unto the Lord;* and though we do not certainly know what Changes yet may come upon us, nor how far the *Clouds may Return after the Rain*, let us nevertheless be found, *Singing to the Lord.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the early days of the Colonies it was customary to appoint days of fast and thanksgiving whenever public events seemed to demand the notice of the church. Thus, in June, 1632, the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay appointed a day of thanksgiving in consideration of "the great mercy of God vouchsafed the churches of God in Germany and the Palatinate. But it is not until October of the next year that one finds any record of the harvest holiday which in these times is the only Thanksgiving Day known. The *fac-simile* of this order of October 1, 1633, was photographed for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST from the original records in the Massachusetts archives.

The sermon given above was preached by Cotton Mather, December 19, 1689, at the Old North Church, Boston, of which he was pastor. It is the earliest Thanksgiving Day sermon, in the modern sense, of which there is any record. The sermon is dedicated to Sir Henry Ashurst, and it was first printed in Boston in the year 1690.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XLV

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

By Margaret J. Preston. With a Picture by Emlen McConnell

AND now," said the Governor, gazing
Abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings,
And covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises,
Because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest
Be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore I, William Bradford
(By the grace of God to day,
And the franchise of this good people),
Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power,
Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November,
Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty,
And the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage,
And kept him from wrack and wrong.
And unto our feast the sachem
Shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit,
Who maketh the harvest grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters,
There is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle
And scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
Your delicate crafts employ,
To honor our first Thanksgiving
And make it a feast of joy.

"We fail of the fruits and dainties,
We fail of the old home cheer—
Ah, these are the lightest losses,
Mayhap, that befall us here.
But see, in our open clearings
How golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices,
And give us the pumpkin pie."

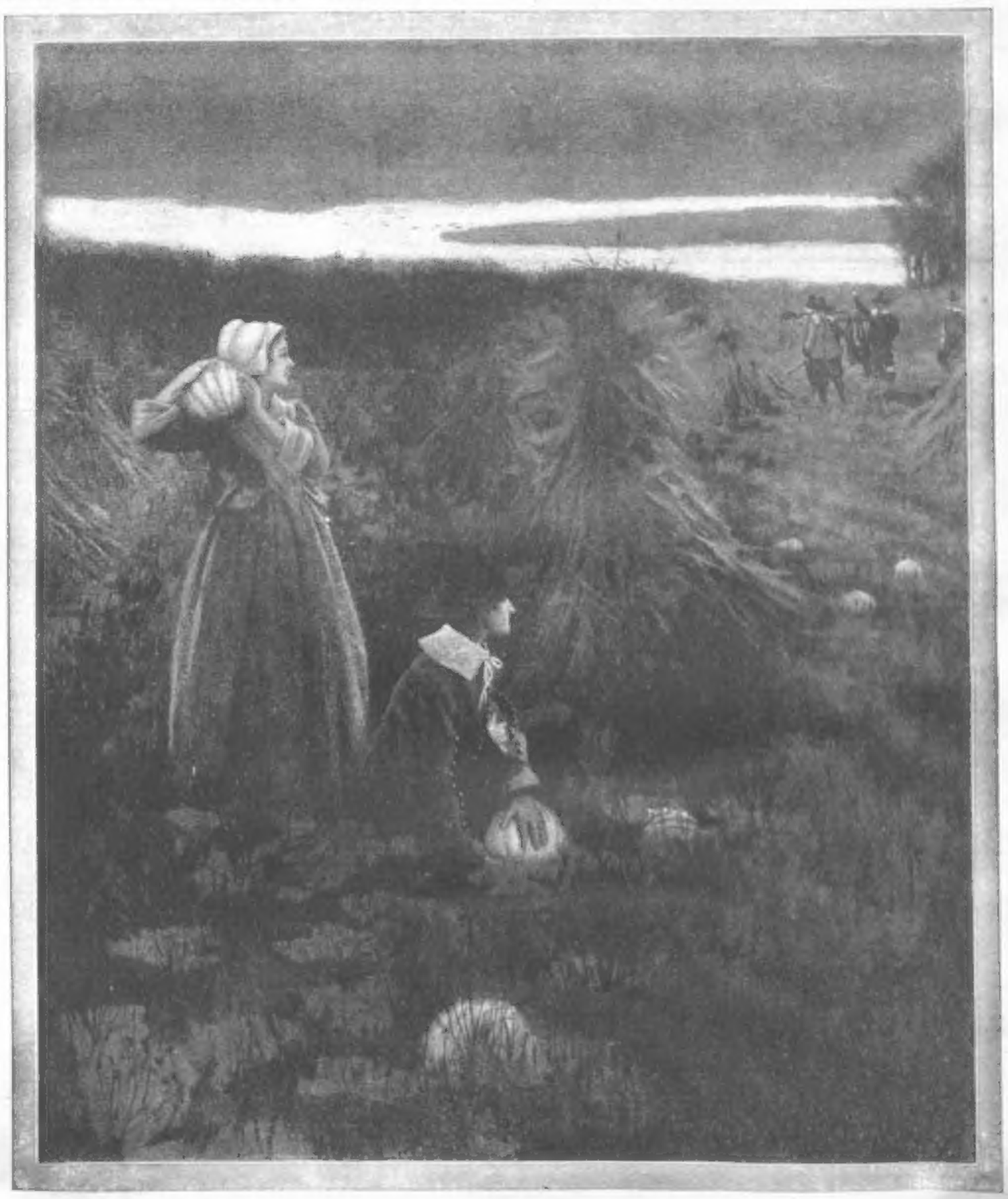
So, bravely the preparations
Went on for the autumn feast,
The deer and the bear were slaughtered;
Wild game, from the greatest to least,
Was heaped in the colony cabins;
Brown home-brew served for wine,
And the plum and the grape of the forest
For orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed;
The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
Rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
Who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster,
As he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford;
Men, matrons and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers,
With corselet and sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness
Had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish
O'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem,
Sate down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches
Of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest,
With a blow on his brawny chest
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
Loves his white children best'"

SO, BRAVELY THE PREPARATIONS WENT ON FOR THE AUTUMN FEAST



MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

New York City Thanks Miss Gould The Municipal Council of the Greater New York has honored itself by extending to Helen Miller Gould the unusual compliment of a vote of thanks for her patriotic services during the war with Spain. Through the death of her father, Jay Gould, she acquired a very large fortune, from which she has been constantly making great gifts for the relief and improvement of humanity.

At the beginning of the war she presented the United States Government with a check for $100,000, and immediately afterward became an active member of the Woman's National War Relief Association. She took an acute interest in the general work of this organization, and gave freely to support it; but after Camp Wikoff was established at Montauk Point, and she had personally seen the pitiable condition of the returned heroes of Cuba, she made the care of the sick and convalescent soldiers there her special mission.

Speedily realizing the vast demands of the work of relief, she gave the Association $25,000 for needed supplies, and then personally supervised the purchases and the work of distribution in the camp. Among all the sympathetic hearts and willing hands she was the particular angel of Camp Wikoff.

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A Chief's Opinion of the Indian Outbreak Geronimo, the notorious Apache chief, with recently declared that the Minnesota Indians had made a great mistake in going on the warpath, is now about seventy years old. But according to report he is not so old that he has lost all love of liberty, and he is said to have escaped from the nominal confinement to which he has been subjected. For years he was one of the most troublesome Indians in the country. He was born in New Mexico, and worked for a Spanish rancher.

But when he was about twenty-one years old he conceived the idea that he had been wronged by the whites, and he determined to be avenged. He immediately left the ranch, and incited some of his tribe to go upon the warpath. From that time until his surrender to General Miles, in 1886, he was a source of great trouble, and kept our troops busy hunting him down.

It was thought that this old chief had learned the lesson of defeat, and had decided to go down to his grave in peace. He tried for years to exterminate the whites, and restore the land again to his kindred, but found that his task was hopeless, and that the course of the Indian was run.

He has been a prisoner of war for years, but he claimed all along that his lot was far better than that of his freer brothers. The Federal Government had so much confidence in the aged warrior that it made him a scout, and he considered it an honor.

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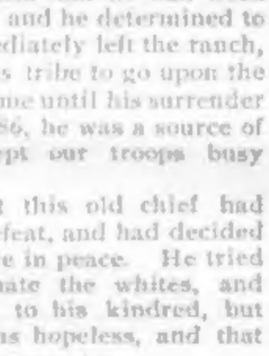
The Romantic Career of a Great Actress A little gypsy girl, trudging barefoot along hot Italian roads, and performing in the open air with parents who were too poor to own a tent; living on black bread and sour wine; compelling, at sixteen, attention for her talent; leaping within a short period into prominence; sent starring into Spain; contracting a wretched marriage with a nobleman; and soon after returning to the stage, at eighteen, with neither a husband nor a penny, with a daughter and a broken constitution, but with an iron will which, in ten years, has put her at the summit of the dramatic profession—this is Eleanora Duse, who is said to be now prostrated by spinal trouble, and her fight for life and honors has been similar to the brave struggle of Charlotte Cushman, who for years endured agony during every public appearance.



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Senator George Gray, Peace Commissioner President McKinley completed the American Peace Commission by appointing United States Senator George Gray, of Delaware, in the place of Associate Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, declined. It is due to his innate modesty that more is not known by the public of the Delaware Senator thus honored, who is serving his third term in the Senate, and is a member of the important committees on Foreign Relations and the Judiciary.

Senator Gray is a native of Delaware, fifty-eight years old, a gentleman by inheritance and education, conscientious and honorable in every relation of life, a most forcible speaker in public, and an exceptionally able constitutional lawyer. He has served two terms as Attorney-General of his State, and twice has been urged by his friends for high public office.

In 1888 he was made a strong candidate for successor to the late Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, and in 1892 was a conspicuous "dark horse" when the National Democratic Convention had grave doubts of the availability of Grover Cleveland for the Presidential nomination. Both in his private and public life he has made a lasting and most enviable reputation.

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When F. Hopkinson Smith Met a Man Who Knew When F. Hopkinson Smith was in Omaha not long ago, one of the well-known social clubs of the city tendered him a banquet, and, naturally, called on him for a few remarks after dinner. In the course of his speech he quoted from the Rubaiyat the quatrain

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> O wilderness were paradise enow."

After most of the guests had gone home, a wealthy pork-packer approached the author and asked him if the lines were from one of his own poems.

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Smith; "they are from Omar Khayyam."

"I guess you're wrong," was the reply; "I don't pretend to know much about literature, but I'll bet you the drinks there is no such paper as the Omaha Khayyam."

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What is Prophesied Concerning the Kaiser The German Emperor is very fond of being photographed, and is astonishing his photographers by the rapidity with which he changes his dress. The other day he had no fewer than forty separate portraits taken of himself in his pilgrim's dress. As if this were not enough, he had a couple of cameras simultaneously leveled at him, the Empress seizing the opportunity, while her husband was in the vein, to secure some portraits on her own account.

The Imperial pilgrim, if tradition goes for anything, should enjoy himself while yet he can. It is an old tradition of the House of Hohenzollern that three Emperors of that House will reign in Germany in one year, and that the third will have seven sons, and will bring ruin to the nation as well as an end to his Empire. The first portion of the prediction was fulfilled when the present Emperor came to the throne, his father, the Emperor Frederick, and his grandfather, the old Emperor William, having both died within the year prior to his accession.

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Why Hobson Visited Philadelphia Lieutenant Hobson had no intention of taking part in Philadelphia's Peace Jubilee, but nevertheless he was on hand and received a most flattering ovation.

The morning before the Jubilee ceremonies Hobson entered Secretary Long's office as the latter was leaving for Philadelphia.

"Mr. Secretary, I've come to talk over plans for raising the Cristobal Colon," said Hobson.

"We haven't time for that," said the Secretary, "and I don't want you to worry yourself over that matter now. The people of Philadelphia want to see you at their Peace Jubilee. I'm going over there this morning, so you'd better come along."

"Well," said Hobson, "I suppose that orders are orders," and he went.

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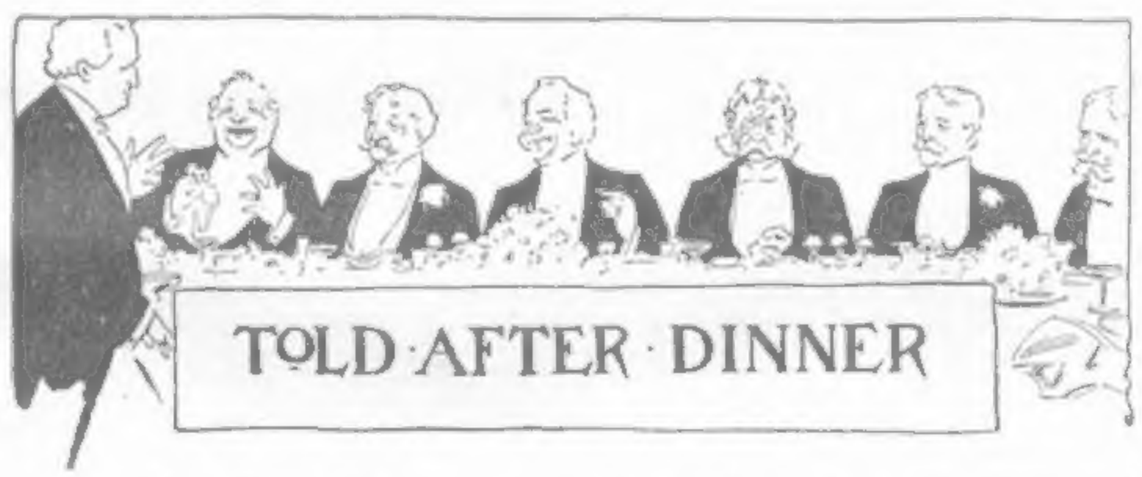
Major Marchand, the French Leader Major Marchand, the commander of the French expedition at Fashoda, was a notary's clerk when a young man; but he was seized with the ambition to see something of Africa.

There was much talk in those days of the prowess of the sailor, De Brazza, as a hardy explorer in Northern Africa. The papers were filled with accounts of his wonderful deeds, and the reading of these was the beginning of young Marchand's desire to visit those scenes himself. When only twenty-four years old he was gazetted as sub-Lieutenant of Marines and was dispatched to the French Soudan.

He acquitted himself so well at his new post that he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. On one occasion, at the head of a handful of men, he took by storm a native fort defended by hundreds of armed "Fuzzies." He got a nasty bullet wound in the head at the outset of the action—he carries the scar to this day—but he did not cease fighting till the place was entirely taken.

In his twenty-sixth year Marchand became a full-fledged Lieutenant. He acted then under Colonel Archinard in the campaign against Ahmadu, and was again badly wounded. Later on he fought against Samory, after which he went on an exploring tour to the interior, and eventually returned to France, toward the end of 1892, with the rank of Captain. Six months after this he was intrusted with an expedition against the Thiassale tribes, whom he subdued in a fortnight, after two bloody fights, several severe skirmishes, and the storming of the capital. Next followed further exploration work. Marchand was back in Paris in 1895, and was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. In the following year he was charged with the perilous mission about which the world is talking to-day.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present difficulty at Fashoda, Major Marchand may be fully depended upon to act with perfect dignity and consistency, and France will undoubtedly have no cause to blame the gallant Major.



Please Excuse Haste

AN ARMY officer says that in one engagement there were numbers of young fellows who smelt powder for the first time, and it is not surprising that at times the recruits were a trifle unsteady.

"However," said the old officer, "I only remember one case of actual flight, and when I think of it I can scarcely refrain from laughing.

"In the very thick of a hotly contested engagement one of my own men threw down his rifle and bolted.

"'Here, you coward,' I roared after him, 'what are you running for?'

"Without so much as a glance over his shoulder, the fellow replied: "'Because I'm in a desprit hurry, an' I can't fly!'"

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Setting the Matter Right

"ARE you a native of this town?" asked a traveler of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet.

"Am I what?"

"Are you a native of the town?"

"Hey?"

"Are you a native of this place?"

At that moment his wife, tall and sallow and gaunt, appeared at the open door of the cabin, and, taking her pipe from between her teeth, said acridly:

"Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you wuz born, or wuz ye born before you begun livin' here? Understan'? Now answer him."

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Ordering Eggs Under Big Difficulties

NECESSITY is the mother of invention, and a hungry Frenchman illustrates anew the wisdom of the old adage:

He was in an English restaurant, and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got round the difficulty in the following way:

"Vaiterre, vat is dat valking in ze yard?"

"A rooster, sir."

"Ah! And vat you call ze roostaire's vife, vaiterre?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call ze shildrens of ze roostaire and his vife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"But vat you call ze schicken before zey are schickens?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Vell, vaiterre, bring me two."

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A Prophecy That Came True

MR. GREVILLE was persuaded when he was over sixty years of age to attend a spiritualistic seance. Foster, the presiding medium, was in great form, and the revelations were astounding. Greville sat silent, and his aged, wizened face was as emotionless as a mask. Suddenly the medium grew excited, and said to the old gentleman:

"A female form is bending over you. Oh, the extraordinary likeness!"

Greville sighed.

"It is your mother!"

"Ah, poor thing," said Greville. "I am glad of that."

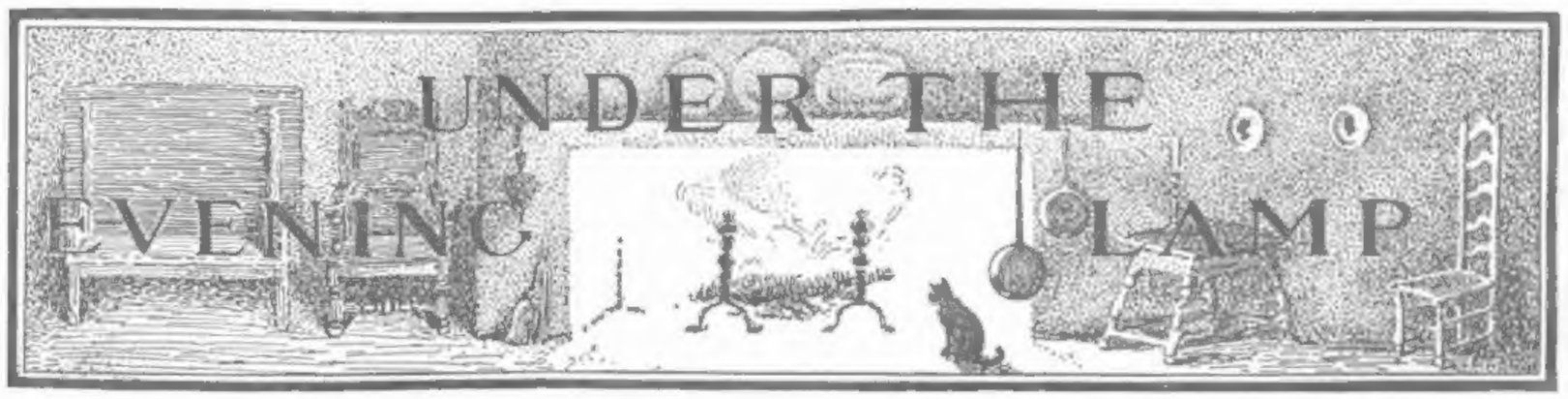
"She smiles at you; she says all is well with her."

Greville sighed again, and said: "I am delighted."

"She says she will see you soon. You are old, and you must meet her before long."

Then Greville smiled, and quietly observed:

"That's certainly true. I'm going this evening to take tea with her."



A Little Bird With a Big Voice

AT DUSK, in the wilds of the gloomy Brazilian forest, you will think it strange to hear the clink of a hammer on an anvil. You would imagine, says Our Animal Friends, that you were approaching some settlement, and the picture of the ruddy glow of the forge would come up before your eyes. But if your guide were a native, he would tell you that the sound was made by a campanero, as they call it, although to foreigners it is known as the anvil bird.

This bird is a little larger than a thrush. The plumage is perfectly white; the eyes are of a pale gray color, and the naked throat and skin around the eyes are of a fine bright green, while its more northerly relative is orange and black, very much like our oriole.

It is generally in the early part of the day that the campanero sends forth the wonderful note that can be distinctly heard at a distance of three miles.

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Laying an Ocean Cable

WHEN completed, says the Chicago Chronicle, an ocean cable is stored in a huge tank near the water's edge for convenience in loading in the telegraph ship. It is kept in water while stored that it may become accustomed to a perpetual bath.

Before a cable is laid, engineers go over the proposed route and take careful soundings that sudden variations in depth may be avoided. A big drum is placed in the stern of the exploring ship, on which is coiled some 2000 fathoms of fine piano wire. A heavy weight is attached to the sounder to force it down into the sea. When the bottom is reached the weight is released automatically and sounder and wire rapidly hauled aboard.

Having reached the beginning point of a new line, the first duty of the chief engineer is to pick out a good shore end for the cable. This must, of course, be well out of the way of the ship courses, and is generally several miles from the port selected.

The carpenters are sent ashore, and the cable hut carried by the ship is erected. Then workmen trench from the hut to the sea, that the cable may be protected from exposure to the sun. Then sand anchors are buried on the beach, and a strong line fastened to them from the ship.

The end of the cable is attached, and the line being drawn on board, the cable pays out until it gets ashore. It is prevented from sinking by balloon buoys, which hold it about three feet from the surface.

The cable is laid along the trench into the hut, and connected with the speaking instruments. Then it is released from the buoys, and with the men aboard again the ship moves away, paying out the cable as it goes. Experts are placed at every point where a possible accident might interrupt. The chief engineer, from his charts, decides on the "slack" or extra length to be paid out to meet the depth of water as they proceed. A set of men watch the strain on the dynamometer, ready to stop the engines on the slightest break in the harmony of action.

But the interesting feature of all is the work done by the man who runs the tester. If an airhole too small to be seen by the eye is in the cable anywhere, the loss of electricity will be instantly noticed.

The tester is really a receiver on board connected with a transmitter on shore. It is the duty of the operator at the shore end to flash signals every five minutes. A flash of light on the galvanometer shows that the man on shore has been attending to his work, and that the cable is all right. If the little bright spot suddenly vanishes, a fault has been found.

On this manifestation, the electrician aboard signals the engineer to stop the ship. Then grapnels are sent overboard and the cable picked up, the vessel retreats on her course until the fault comes on board. Then the cable is cut, the damaged portion carefully removed, the ends securely spliced together, and then sunk as before.

Cables are laid in two sections. One starts from one shore end and the other from the opposite shore. When the ship reaches the end of the cable first laid it is picked up, the ends spliced, and then the completed line carefully lowered over the ship's side until well clear of the ship. The lines used here are strong manila ropes, which, at a given signal, are severed by two workmen with sharp axes. Then the cable disappears finally with a sharp, hissing sound, and the job is done.

The mere laying of a cable is by no means the most interesting part of the lives of the men so employed. With so many lines in operation, and so many constantly being added, cable ships and crews are the greatest travelers in the world. They equal the navy in mileage, and exceed it in getting into strange seas and stranger countries. They may be in balmy tropical regions one month and in semi-arctic regions the next.

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The Story of Home, Sweet Home

A NEW story is now told of the first time Home, Sweet Home was sung in public. When the Government attempted to harmonize the contending factions in the dispute on the Georgia-Tennessee boundary line, by establishing a trading post there, John Howard Payne was accused of inciting the dissatisfied Indians and half-breeds, and was arrested and carried to the council-house.

An Indian, who committed suicide on the grave of his wife and child, was buried in the presence of a number of men, among whom was Payne. As the body of the Indian was lowered into the grave, Payne hummed to himself the song that has become so famous.

General Bishop called the young man to him and said sternly:

"Where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote it myself," answered Payne.

"Where did you get the tune?"

"I composed that also."

"Will you give me a copy of it?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said the old Indian fighter, "appearances may be against you, but a man who can write a song like that is no incendiary, and I am going to set you free."

Payne had been living in the house of a neighboring family, and on his return he related the circumstance, and showed the pass that General Bishop had given him. That was the first time that Home, Sweet Home was ever heard in public.

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The Mysteries of Roquefort Cheese

ROQUEFORT cheese, the delight of modern epicures, is made of a mixture of goat and sheep milk. The reputation of this cheese extends back into dim antiquity, and Pliny mentioned it in his writings.

It is made chiefly from the milk of Larzad goats and sheep, and in the records in France it is stated that, in the year 1866, 250,000 sheep and goats out of a flock of 400,000 gave enough milk for the making of 7,150,000 pounds of cheese.

In the manufacture of Roquefort cheese, the sheep and goats are milked in the evening, after their return from the pastures, and after they have been allowed to rest for an hour or so.

The evening's milk is heated almost to the boiling point, and then is set aside. In the morning it is skimmed, heated to ninety-eight degrees, and mixed with the morning's milk for coagulation. The curd is well kneaded with the hands and pressed in layers into moulds with perforated bottoms. A thin layer of mouldy bread is put between each layer of curd.

The object of this is to hasten the "ripening" of the cheese by supplying the germs of the green mould peculiar to cheese. The bread used for this purpose is made, before the preceding Christmas, of about equal parts of summer and winter barley, with plenty of sour dough, and some vinegar.

When mouldy enough, it is ground and sifted, moistened with water, and kept from the air until used in making the cheese.

The curd remains in the moulds for three or four days. Then they are taken to the market in Roquefort, where they are sold to the different makers of Roquefort cheese.

These manufacturers continue the ripening of the cheeses by placing them in the very damp caves which abound in the precipitous walls of the limestone hills which almost completely surround the village.

The cheeses are left in the caves sometimes more than a month, during which time salt and brine are rubbed into them, and they are pricked frequently with long needles to let the salt penetrate into them and also to accelerate the process of mouldering.

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How Carlyle and Leigh Hunt Differed

LEIGH HUNT and Carlyle were once present at a small party of equally well-known men. It happened that the conversation rested with these two, and the others sat, well pleased to listen.

Leigh Hunt talked on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle would drop some heavy tree-trunk across his pleasant stream and bank it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval, but Hunt never ceased his joyous anticipations nor saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs.

The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and now fairly pitted them against each other as the philosophers of hopefulness and unhopefulness. The contest continued with ready wit, philosophy, pleasantry and profundity, and extensive knowledge of books and character.

The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear that the contest would last indefinitely, but night was far advanced, and the party now broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the candles, and the arguments behind them, found themselves under a most brilliant and starlight sky. They looked up. Carlyle can have no answer to this, thought Hunt, and shouted: "There! Look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man!"

Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last, but out of the silence came a few low-toned words in a broad Scotch accent:

"Eh, it's a sad night!"

They all laughed, and then looked very thoughtful. There might be some reason for sadness, too—that brilliant firmament perhaps contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings.

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Humbling the Bank of England

THE late Paymaster Clark, of Delaware, of the United States Navy, was attached to one of the ships on the European station during the period of the Civil War, says the Philadelphia Times. It may have been the Kearsarge, but it is not important. She was an armed vessel, and had been long at sea, and came in for coal, provisions, and to give the men a liberty day on shore.

To meet these and other expenses it was necessary to have some eight thousand pounds (men are paid in the currency of the country they may be in when on foreign stations), and Paymaster Clark drew sight drafts on the sub-treasury of New York through the Government agents, J. S. Morgan & Co., bankers, in Old Broad Street, London.

Accompanied by the Vice-Consul, he went to the Plymouth branch of the Bank of England, and, presenting his drafts, asked to have them changed for notes and gold. The bank manager, not content with exercising proper commercial scrutiny, was extremely unobliging, and finally said:

"Well, I do not know the sub-treasury, I do not know the paper nor you, and I have never had business with the gentleman who is United States Vice-Consul here, so I won't cash your drafts. You say J. S. Morgan will indorse them. You had better go up to London and let him cash them."

Mr. Clark went out to the telegraph office, put himself in communication with Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Morgan went to the Bank of England, in London; the manager sent word to the Plymouth branch manager, and that gentleman came personally to the Royal Hotel, and, with his hat in his hand, begged to be of service to Paymaster Clark in any way that gentleman would suggest.

The apparently placated Paymaster, accompanied by his clerk, went with the bank officer to the bank. The drafts were duly passed over, and a large bundle of Bank of England notes placed before the Paymaster.

"What are these?" asked Clark.

"Those are Bank of England notes."

"Yes, I see they are notes, signed by Frederick May, that the bank will pay bearer, etc. Well, I do not know Mr. May, and, of course, I do not know you. This paper may be good, but I have no assurance of that. I'll trouble you for the gold."

The humiliated bank manager had to hunt it up, and Paymaster Clark carried it down to the boat in triumph.

"I would have preferred part of the money in notes," he said, "but I could not refuse the chance of getting even with him."

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At What Age is Man Strongest?

THE muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline, says the Strand Magazine. Our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:

The "lifting power" of a youth of seventeen years is 250 pounds. In his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first.

By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.

After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly, until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give accurate statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.

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WIT OF THE CHILDREN

THE DANGERS OF CONTAGION.—It is one of the school laws in Boston, as in other cities, that no pupil may come from a family any member of which is ill with a contagious disease. One day recently Willie K—— appeared before his teacher and said: "My sister's got the measles, sir." "Well, what are you doing here, then?" replied the teacher severely. "Don't you know any better than to come to school when your sister has the measles? Now you go home, and stay there until she is well." The boy, who is a veritable little rogue, went to the door, where he turned with a twinkle in his eye and said: "If you please, sir, my sister lives in Philadelphia."

CATERING TO HIS TASTE.—"Did you divide your bonbons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, ma. I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."

DOING THE NEXT BEST THING.—In a car a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Pleathe charge it to my papa; I've thwallowed the money."

A MATTER OF CHOICE.—Mother—"To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impertinently to papa to-day at dinner! She never hears me talk in that way to him." Ethel (stoutly)—"Well, but you choosed him, and I didn't."

THE SAFETY-VALVE OF TEMPER.—Mrs. Dumpsey: "For shame, Willie! You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a little girl—girls don't fight." Willie Dumpsey: "Yes; but, ma, don't you think it's better to have a good, square fight and get all the mad out of you, than to carry it around, the way the girls do, for months?"

WISDOM BEYOND HIS YEARS.—"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher. None of the children seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as not too plain a clue. A hand popped up, and the owner exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

LA DUCHESSE BLEUE

By PAUL BOURGET

THERE is a new note in M. Bourget's latest novel: the note of approaching middle age. Like Dumas in his plays, he has often employed in his novels a *raisonneur*, a kind of Greek chorus, but heretofore this "looker on," as he himself calls this useful character, has played an active part in his stories.

In La Duchesse Bleue he has become a mere spectator, deeply interested, in an impersonal way, in the trago-comedy of the life of the emotions, but already safely beyond its vortex, disillusioned and saddened by his own experiences of the past. With due allowance for differences of temperament and surroundings, we may compare him to Mr. Howells' Mr. Marsh. But Mr. Marsh is placidly and somewhat prosaically married.

M. Bourget has been engaged for more than four years upon this book, yet, in his dedication—to the Italian novelist, Mathilde Serao—he confesses that the result is a failure—that is to say, he has not produced the book he started out to write. The original conception was splendid, and it still forms a *motif* of the changed result, but it is not what it was intended to be—the *leitmotif*, the keynote of the story.

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In his journey through the world of art and letters, M. Bourget has often observed the fundamental difference between the character of an artist and the nature of his work. He touched upon this puzzle in Mensonges, where he drew so strong a picture of the lack of harmony between the depravity and vulgarity of the character of Colette Rigaud of the Théatre Français, and the distinction and delicacy of her talent.

The problem must gradually have developed before his eyes, until it took shape somewhat as follows: There are artists—painters, poets, novelists, dramatists, actors, possessing no heart, no nobility of character, who yet in their work show the most delicate perception and appreciation of the finest shades of feeling, and reproduce them with force and touching truthfulness, without hesitating or a false note, evidently without being hampered by what would seem to be a fateful lack of emotional and mental endowment.

On the other hand, there are souls dowered with the finest gifts of emotional and intellectual life that fail when they attempt to express what is grandest and best in them, on canvas, in books, or behind the footlights. M. Bourget philosophizes somewhat upon this puzzle, but does not attempt to solve it, evidently because he has not been able to find a solution.

It may be that every human being is endowed at birth with a certain amount of emotional force, which he can spend, but can neither increase nor diminish. He may expend it in real life, or, if he be a creative artist, in the life of his imagination, but he cannot expend it in both, because the endowment does not suffice.

Thus, as is the case with the contemptible hero of this book, if he expend on his works all the delicacy of perception and feeling with which he has been gifted at birth, he will have none left to use in daily life, and will be heartless, selfish, utterly incapable of feeling what he so eloquently describes.

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On the other hand, the man or woman who spends recklessly, in noble and sympathetic living, this fund of emotion and sentiment, will be left without a source to draw upon for imaginative work. The one will lavish what is best in him upon the creatures of his imagination; the other will exhaust it in loving service of the creatures of God.

There is still a third class of artists, the greatest ones, those whom M. Bourget can understand, the nobility of whose private life harmonizes perfectly with the beauty and completeness of their artistic career. They are in the minority, but they do exist: the name of Edwin Booth comes readily to mind. Perhaps M. Bourget has felt the difference between great talent and genius, and failed to grasp its meaning.

La Duchesse Bleue suffers from the irreconcilable difference between its intention and its performance. Considered from the former standpoint, it is a relative failure, as its author himself honestly confesses. But as a novel it is a success, although it suffers undoubtedly from this quality, this division of the writer's mind against itself when he wrote it. The "looker on" has been retained, as he was planned, for the original work, whereas its modified form should have suggested, if not his suppression, at least his repression in many places. He is liable to be prosy, as disillusioned middle-aged people are apt to be.

The three types dominate the book: the painter who is impotent to express his inspiration; the novelist and dramatist whose coarse private life belies the delicacy and deep insight of his work; and the actress who starts her career with the perfect harmony alluded to above. But though the beauty of her life is soiled, her genius remains unimpaired.

Perhaps it was well for the book that M. Bourget failed to solve the problem he set himself. It gains in suggestiveness what it loses in explicitness; and in this regard the book is certainly the most powerful, the most mature that Paul Bourget has given us thus far. Notwithstanding his open confession of failure, he remains a great, an admirable artist. (Meyer Brothers & Co., New York.)

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Some New Religious Books.—In missions and politics in Asia, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, describes clearly and succinctly "the spirit of the Eastern peoples, the present making of history in Asia, and the part therein of Christian missions." Persia, Southern Asia, China, Japan and Corea are the subjects of these five papers, all of which are valuable, not only from the Christian, but from the secular standpoint.

Lights and Shadows of a Great City is a volume of sermons from the pen of the Rev. A. C. Dixon. Our Homes, Our Money-Makers, Our Amusements, Our Sabbath and Our Destiny are some of the themes discussed. Powerful though these sermons are, the reader will perhaps be inclined to feel that the author has painted his shadows darker than need be.

John G. Paton, the third volume of the autobiography of this missionary to the New Hebrides, is an interesting record of his heroic life among the cannibals of the South Seas. This volume brings the story of work down to the present year. (Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

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A Primer of Heraldry for Americans, by Edward S. Holden.—To those of us who have grandfathers, Doctor Holden's primer comes as a help; to those of us who have none, but are willing and anxious to fit out with ancestors, it comes as a boon; and even for the American who is looking for a device with which to brand his sugar-cured hams or his infallible cough cure, it has a message. For after a few lines of apology for not apologizing because he introduces "such subjects"—not hams, but heraldry—to the notice of the citizens of a republic, he tells us that any individual or corporation has the right, according to the law of heraldry, to assume and bear a coat-of-arms; provided he does not appropriate a device already claimed by some family or corporation with which he has no legal connection.

To overcome the prejudices of those democratic souls who regard the using of a coat-of-arms as inconsistent with the practice of Jeffersonian simplicity, he cites the cases of those well-known patriots, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, and concludes that, where two such Republicans led, Americans need not fear to follow. But he cautions American women to avoid crests, as only a Queen may bear one—then who, pray, has a better right?—and spinsters to beware knights' shields.

For the rest, Doctor Holden's little book is an introduction to the study of heraldry which will enable its readers to learn the rank of foreigners "from their visiting cards," and the sex and condition of writers from their stationery, always providing that they have selected their arms with discretion. And not only does it teach one to interpret the language of guile and gyronny, but there are one hundred and nineteen plates to assist imagination. (The Century Co., New York.)

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Familiar Talks About Authors

S. R. CROCKETT, the popular writer, is said to have recently had this experience, which he relates with keen appreciation. It was after one of the two or three public lectures that he has ever delivered. A heavy, solemn-faced Scot came round after the tragedy, and shook him by the hand in a melancholy manner.

"I hae read a' your buiks," he said; and, after a pause he added, "up to this."

Mr. Crockett expressed his thanks. The man was silent a while, and tried again.

"You dinna do this for a livelihood?" he asked, referring to the recent lecture.

"No," replied Mr. Crockett meekly.

"I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's critic, with still deeper solemnity.

THE OLDEST living woman who supports herself by her pen is Madame du Bos d'Elbhecq. She is ninety-nine years old, and began to work for the printers at the age of twenty. A list of her books, some of which were very popular in their day, would fill a column of a large newspaper. One of her novels, Le Père Fargeau, is still selling. She is at present living in a convent at Angiers, France, and the stories she now produces are read chiefly by the peasants.

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ONE OF THE newspaper men who interviewed Rudyard Kipling during his recent visit to South Africa, writes of him as follows:

"He takes his work hard. He is tremendously in earnest about it, anxious to give of his best; often dissatisfied with his best. He is quite comically dissatisfied with success; quite tragically haunted by the fear that this or that piece of work, felt intensely by himself in writing, and applauded even by high and mighty critics, is in reality cheap and shoddy in execution, and will be cast in damages before the higher court of posterity.

"When Rudyard Kipling had written The Recessional, which two hemispheres felt to be one of the very truest and soundest pieces of work done by any writing man in our day and generation, he was so depressed by its shortcomings of his private conception, that he threw the rough copy in the waste-paper basket. Thence Mrs. Kipling rescued it. But for Mrs. Kipling we should have had no Recessional! For his best patriotic poems he has declined to accept any pay."

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THE LITERARY SENSATION of the day in Russia is a short story by Count Lioff Lvovich Tolstoi, son of the well-known novelist. It is entitled A Chopin Prelude, and is offered by the young author as an antidote to his father's Kreutzer Sonata, which, in the opinion of Komkoff, the hero of the new story, has done more harm than good to humanity.

The relations of father and son are not disturbed by this literary passage at arms, although the elder Tolstoi has so far left his son's criticism unanswered.

A Chopin Prelude is not the younger Tolstoi's firstborn. He made his *début* with a sketch in Nedyelia several months ago.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE has just finished a novel which is devoted to a very delicate and penetrating study of Disraeli. It will be anticipated with great interest, as it is a new departure for this novelist.

A NEW BOOK on the subject of marriage is announced. It is contributed to by four authors—Miss Marie Corelli, Lady Jeune, Susan (Countess of Malmesbury) and Mrs. Flora Annie Steel—and is to be called The Modern Marriage Market.

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Christmas Suggestions

To any person who intends to buy *nice* furniture it will pay, and pay well, to send for our catalogue and investigate the positive advantages of buying "Direct from Factory at **Factory Prices.**"

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Ladies' Mahogany Desk

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FRONT is figured mahogany, neatly inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front; two locks. Small drawer inside, pigeon for paper, pens, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's-eye maple. Trimmings are all solid brass (not plated), including the crest. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost $15 to $20. Ask for Catalogue.

Mahogany Music Cabinet

$8.00 buys this nice music cabinet direct from the factory, *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best music cabinet obtainable at so low a price.

FRONT is figured mahogany, neatly inlaid with mother-of-pearl and white holly. Has French legs, adjustable shelves and lock. Trimmings are solid brass, and bottom of drawer is pretty bird's-eye maple. This cabinet has a rich polish finish, and from a dealer will cost $12 to $15.

Home Desk

$19.50 buys this beautiful home desk direct from the factory, *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best obtainable at so low a price.

THE DESIGN of this desk is almost perfection for a "home" desk. It combines all the practical features of a regular office desk—roll top, letter file, book shelf, sliding arm rest, plenty of drawers, pigeonholes, ball-bearing casters, etc.—and in a way that is graceful, artistic and full of style. At retail it would cost from $25 to $35.

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